THE 12 MOST BEAUTIFUL GIRLS IN HOLLYWOOD

PHOTOPLAY

December

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Tony Dexter, Mitzi Gaynor,
Jeffrey Hunter, Janice Rule,
Robert Wagner, Pier Angeli
and Other Winners

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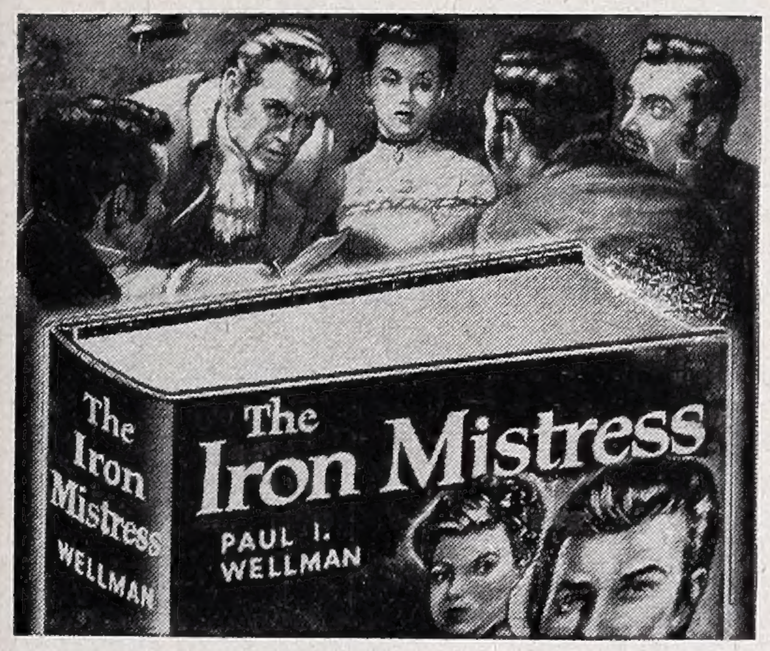


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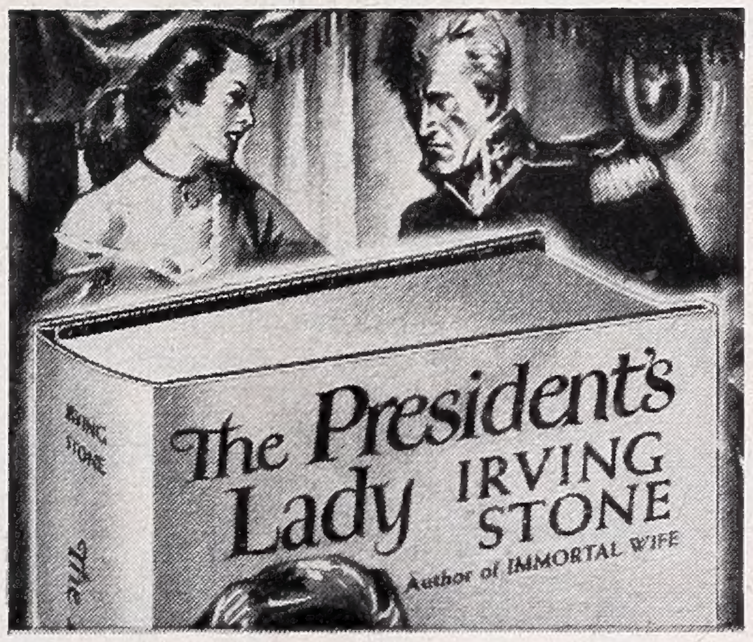
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PHOTOPLAY

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Miss Leigh's "Diamond Look" Earrings by Kramer

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P

READERS INC.

Cheers and Jeers:

I've never been so disgusted in all my life. All these actresses trying to tell the public how to look beautiful and how to reduce. If half of those actresses had some "meat" on them they'd look ten times better than they do now.

YVONNE LA ROUCHE
Saskatoon, Canada

If I were Liz Taylor I would go back to my parents. Unfortunately, I've had to go through life without a mother (she died when I was six). I know if my mother were living today, I would give her all the love and consideration a girl should give her mother.

C. M.
Springfield, Mass.

I was highly disappointed in the miscasting of Ezio Pinza in "Strictly Dishonorable." The story was rather enjoyable but that man just about drove me out of the show.

I admit he has a marvelous voice but let him stick to singing and not try to imitate a lover.

There must be a man shortage in Hollywood or this couldn't have happened.

J. K.
Chicago, Ill.

Have seen "Strictly Dishonorable," starring Pinza with pretty little Janet Leigh. Honestly, it's the biggest relief from the stereotyped stuff you can imagine. Pinza is gay, amusing, Continental, in the same vein Boyer made so charming, only, praise be, he has the added grace of a sense of humor. Janet Leigh must have had some of his acting ability rubbed off on her, for she's never been so good.

For the person who is equally tired of crime, adolescence and nitwits called by courtesy "comics," this is a treat.

BARBARA KERR
Blue Island, Ill.

Recently I saw "People Will Talk." This picture made fun of birth which I consider a sacred thing. I think it is wrong to make having fatherless babies a joke. Such things are a misfortune for the girl and her family.

ROBERT SCHULTZ
Callicoon, N. Y.

Reader's Pet:

I have just seen "Bright Victory" and I must say what a superb performance was given by Peggy Dow. She not only handled the part beautifully but gave it a touch of radiance. With her natural beauty she could surpass Liz Taylor any time.

ROSALPINA MERCADO
New York, N. Y.

Clift Contrast:

I have just seen "A Place in the Sun." I have this to say about Montgomery Clift. He's handsome. He's hideous. He's a superb actor. He's a terrible actor.

He underplayed to the point of being lethargic. Then again, he attained some highs in acting that I haven't seen duplicated.

Montgomery Clift is a combination of the best and the worst that has ever happened to Hollywood.

MARY FARRELL
Berkeley, Calif.

Casting:

Why hasn't anyone noticed the resemblance between Vera-Ellen and Mitzi Gaynor? Don't you agree that they would make perfect sister roles?

GEORGIANA RAE
CATHERINE KELLER
Bloomsburg, Pa.

(You have a point. See below.)



Vera-Ellen



Mitzi Gaynor

Question Box:

While reading "Encore" in August Photoplay, I noticed that Mario Lanza cites the Chateau Laurier in Ottawa, Canada, as the most beautiful building he has ever seen. Has Mario Lanza ever been to Ottawa?

MRS. M. JOANIS
Ottawa, Canada

(He sang there at a concert November 14, 1946.)

I just saw "Hard, Fast and Beautiful" and I thought it was great. Did Sally Forrest play tennis in the movie or did she have a stand-in?

MRS. MARIE ROGUS
Waterford, Mich.

(Sally trained for many months in order to make the tennis scenes herself.)

Tell me, please, some facts about dreamy Aldo Da Re who plays in "Saturday's Hero." When can we see him again?

JENNIE GRADY
New York, N. Y.



(He was born 9/25/26 in Pen Argyl, Pa. He has blond hair, blue eyes, is 6', 200 lbs., unmarried. He will be known as John Harrison in the future, and under that name co-stars with Judy Holliday in "The Marrying Kind.")

Is "The Brigand" a cowboy picture? If it is, I think Columbia Pictures is wrong. Tony Dexter is a perfect star in romantic pictures. I've seen a lot of stars practically disappear because of those roles in cowboy films.

GRETCHEN ALTMEYER
New Kensington, Pa.

("The Brigand" is an adventure picture of the Napoleonic period. Tony plays dual role of a king and a brigand.)

Address letters to this department to Readers Inc., Photoplay, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. However, our space is limited. We cannot therefore promise to publish, return or reply to all letters received.

BOB HOPE and HEDY LAMARR



Secret agent Hope climbs the ladder of success...upside-down!



More fun than a barrel of monkey business . . . when Bob 'n Hedy flee the spies!



Whatta job for Hope! He's gotta keep his eye on Hedy . . . and his hands off!



Hope falls for Hedy . . . and falls twice as hard for the spy chief!

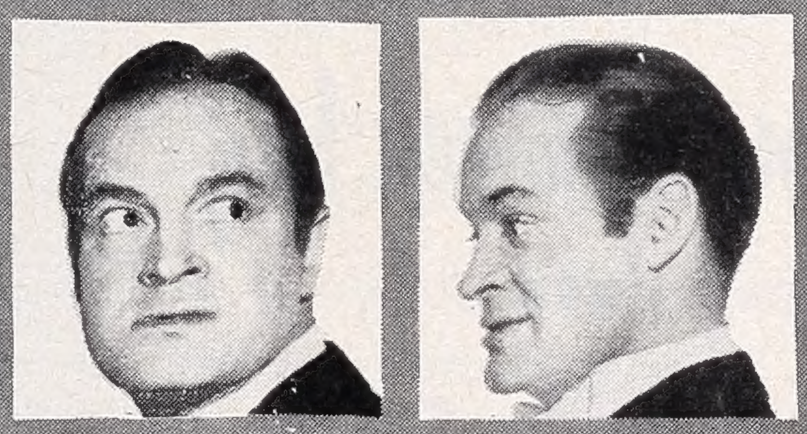


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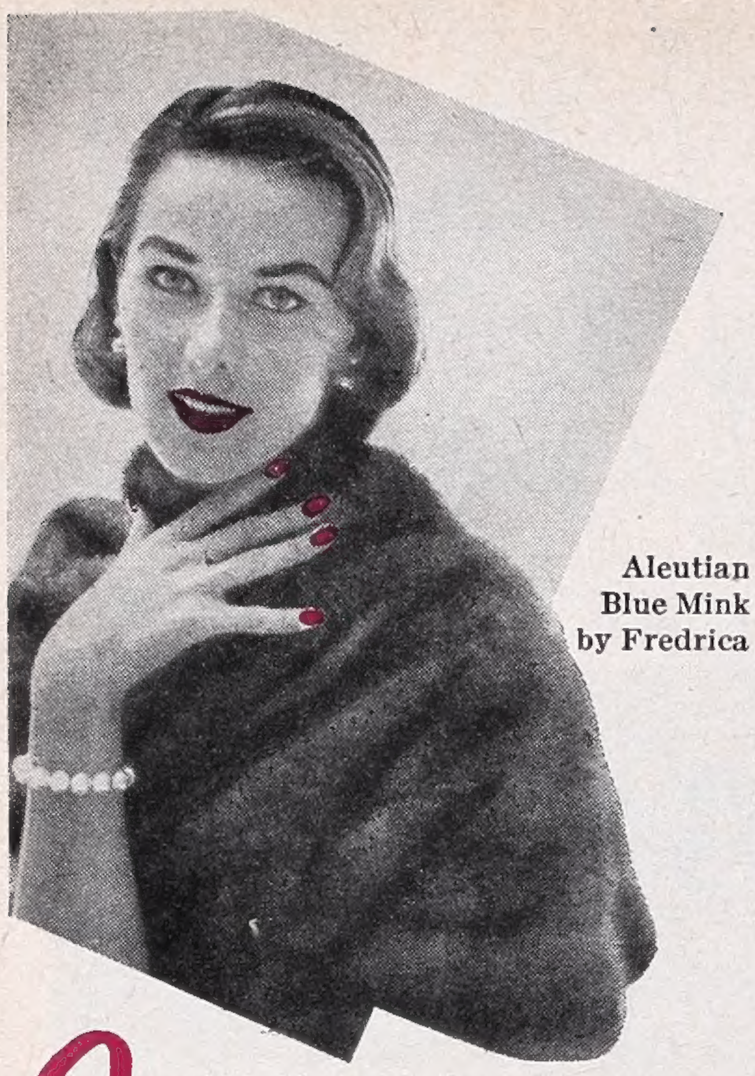
Paramount Pictures

Produced by PAUL JONES · Directed by NORMAN Z. McLEOD

Story and Adaptation by EDMUND BELOIN and LOU BRESLOW

Screenplay by EDMUND HARTMANN and JACK SHER

Additional Dialogue by HAL KANTER • A Paramount Picture



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Lower price! New Spillpruf* Cutex gives you all these "extras"—still costs less! Try it today!



CUTEX

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Claudette Colbert of "Let's Make It Legal"

What should I do?

your problems answered by Claudette Colbert

DEAR MISS COLBERT:

I am a man of twenty-three and I am in love with a woman who is twenty-nine. She is divorced and has a six-year-old daughter of whom I'm very fond.

This is a very confusing problem because she is now living with a man for whom she has lost all respect and love, even though she was crazy about him at one time. He has turned out to be a heel, drinking, gambling, staying away until all hours, contributing nothing toward her support. She and I work for the same company and she says that her only happy hours are those spent during the day with me.

I have met her parents and they are nice farm people who don't know how she is living. They like me and don't think the difference in our ages makes much difference if we are in love. This girl has agreed to marry me as soon as I get an apartment and furnish it so that she can stay at home and keep house and mind her daughter while I bring in the family money. She has good sense and says she wants to settle down and do the right thing.

Naturally I have some doubts and these are only increased by my friends who think this girl is too old for me, that this man might cause trouble, and that it isn't easy to bring up stepchildren.

Colby R.

I wish you had answered a few additional questions which must have occurred to you. For instance, why has this woman continued to live with a man to whom she is not married in view of the fact that he abuses her, does not support her, and brings her nothing but trouble? Is she a natural martyr or, in spite of your statement that "she has good sense," is she too inert or too lazy to take herself out of an intolerable situation? Why would a decent woman subject an innocent child to an environment like that? Why would a woman who was in love with you insist that you furnish an apartment for her before she would leave her present wretched and illegal association?

If you can't answer these questions to your own satisfaction, talk them over with your friends.

You must have gathered from the tone of my answer what I think: That you are a kind and sympathetic man, lacking in worldly experience and likely to be badly hurt unless you take realistic stock of your situation.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am seventeen years old and have been married for sixteen months; we have a sweet baby girl three months old.

In most ways we are happy, but we have a constant argument. My husband owns a Mercury and a Buick. The Mercury is "Hollywooded" up with every gadget you could imagine. I want to learn to drive this car because my husband says the Buick is too large for me to manage. No matter what I say, he still will not teach me to drive. I don't think I would feel as mean about it as I do, if I didn't think we should sell one of the cars. After all, we need a house now that we have a baby, but my husband says we can't afford it; we have to go on living in our two-room apartment.

My husband's best friend volunteered to teach me to drive, but my husband said I still couldn't use the Mercury even after I got my driver's license, so there isn't much use in learning.

Don't you think my husband is being unreasonable and selfish?

Herta M.

Probably your husband's reasoning is this: it is expensive to drive two cars. It is particularly expensive for a wife to have access to a car when her housework is soon done and she has little to take up her time for the rest of the day except travel about.

I do think that every girl should learn to drive. Regardless of the jokes about women drivers, statistics prove that women are much safer drivers than men are. However, when you are somewhat older and your baby has grown up a little, so that you are in a better physical and mental condition to learn to handle an automobile, you should be taught to drive by a professional driving school.

It is a rare husband who can teach his wife to drive without stimulating a major quarrel.

Incidentally, I gathered from your letter that you and your husband seem to be working at cross purposes. Don't you think you should sit down quietly some night and discuss your finances, how best to save money, and how to go about planning for your future home? An understanding about your aims and how you plan to realize them, if reached now, may save much future bickering and heartache.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

It may seem strange that a G.I. would write to you, but the other day, aboard a ship bound for Japan I began reading the March issue of "Photoplay." I came across "What Should I Do?" and read it with interest, especially the letter sent in by a girl named Pat MacT.

I may not be much more advanced in age or knowledge than Pat, but I do wish to congratulate her for having the courage to stand up for her high ideals. I hope she continues to do so even if it does mean fewer dates and good times. Eventually she will have a happy marriage and be a source of pride to her husband. The one thing a man can't stand is to be ashamed of his wife and to feel that he ought to apologize for her actions during her younger days.

It makes a fellow a long way from home feel good to know that there are still a few girls left at home with high standards.

I hope you will excuse my awkwardness in trying to express myself. Maybe

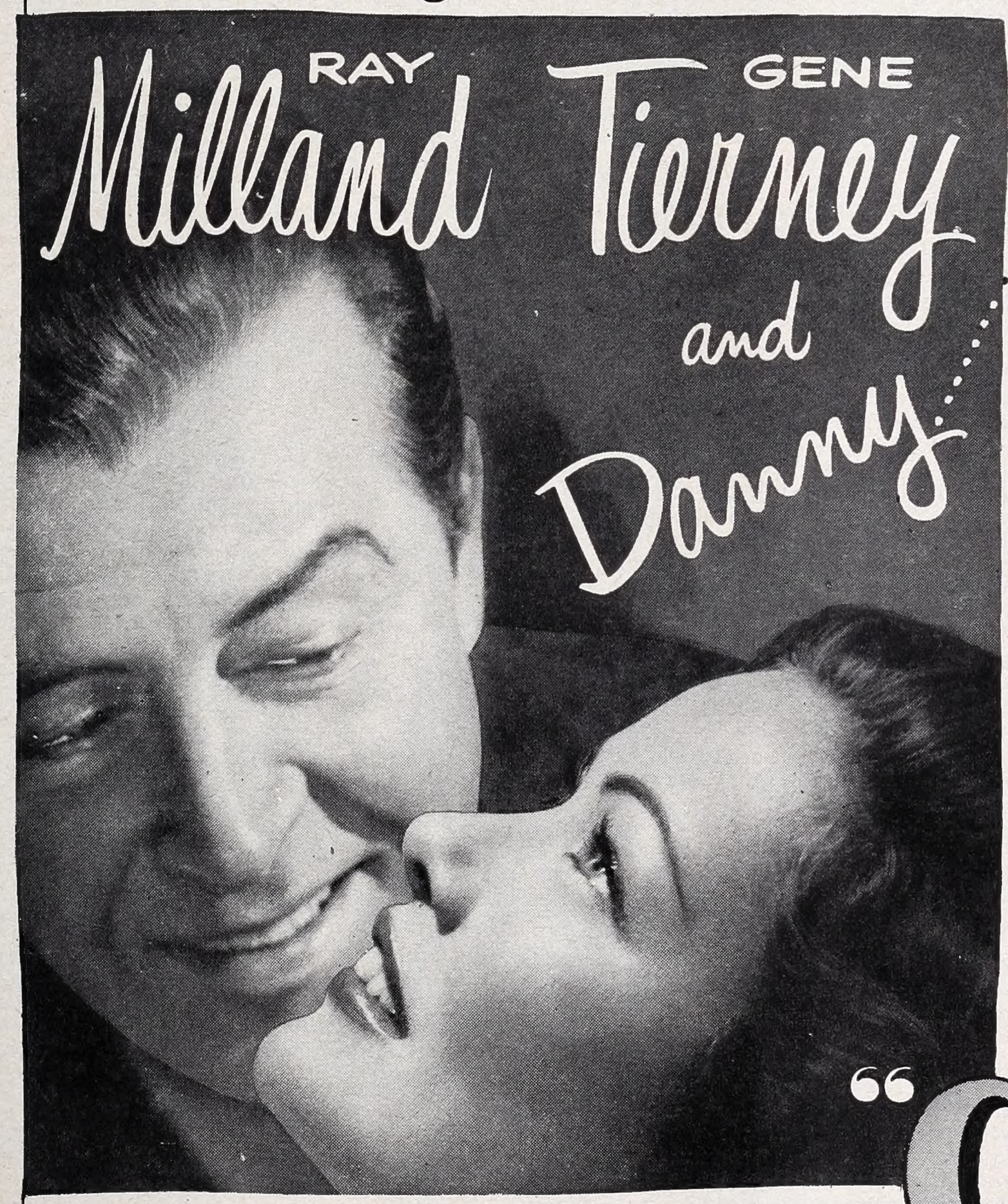
(*Continued on page 8*)

THERE'S THE BEST REASON IN THE WORLD FOR EVERYBODY TO SEE THIS PICTURE:

It's great and makes you feel great!



We're not going to tell you how Danny fits into this picture.
As a matter of fact, the important (and touching and delightful) part of this story is that people didn't know much about Danny's story.
Let's say simply he's one of the reasons that moviegoers, of every age, everywhere, have taken "Close to My Heart" close to their hearts.



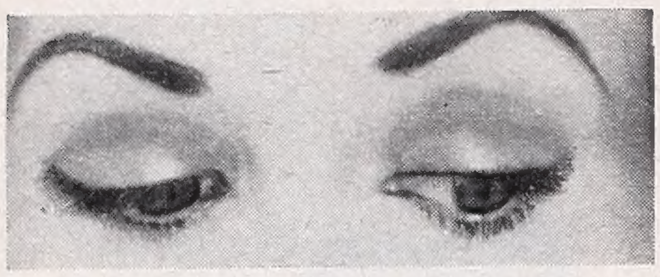
THIS THING CALLED LOVE — AND THE WONDERFUL THINGS IT MAKES HAPPEN...!

"Close to my Heart"

Another Big Movietime Success gaily presented by Warner Bros.

WITH FAY BAINTER Written by JAMES R. WEBB From his story in Good Housekeeping Magazine DIRECTED BY WILLIAM KEIGHLEY PRODUCED BY WILLIAM JACOBS Music by Max Steiner

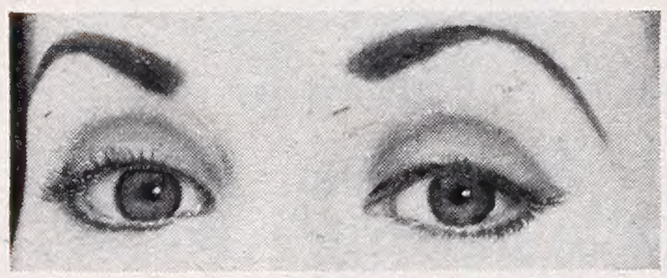
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Eyebrow Pencil—6 inspired hues ... tortoise-plastic "swivel stick"...1.10*

*PLUS TAX

(*Continued from page 6*)

it would give Pat a good feeling if she knew that you had heard from me.

Pvt. Jerry K.

Your letter will please Pat, of course, and it will give new resolve to other girls who, in reading it, will discover the honest attitude of one man. It is reasonable to believe that your attitude is shared by the majority of young men, although they may not admit it as long as there is a selfish advantage to be gained by pretending a broadmindedness toward a girl's behavior which they actually do not feel.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

Ever since I can remember, my mother-in-law has been "ailing." She has three doctors on her payroll now, and she tells with delight that one of them has found *nine* serious disorders in her system. She will talk for hours about her "miseries," excluding all other conversation.

She has to carry a footstool and a pillow wherever she goes, even to church or to social functions. When she sees me making a piece of needlepoint for a chair, she buys a similar piece and asks me to make it for her. When I knit a sweater for my daughter, my mother-in-law complains that she needs a sweater far more.

She is constantly dropping in for dinner, then announcing that she can't eat what we are eating. I have to leave the table and prepare a different dinner for her.

She is crushed and filled with tears if she hears that we have taken a week-end trip without her (although she refuses to go anywhere with her husband, who is a silent little man, seldom present), and yet she always holds up our departure at least two hours when we invite her along.

Now she has decided that she and her husband should move in with us. She has suddenly grown afraid to stay alone at night. "Besides, with your eldest son going away to college, you'll have an extra room," she says. She and her husband own a building. They have been living in one unit and renting the other. Now she wants to rent both.

What shall I do? I am nearly out of my mind with thought of what it would mean to have her live with us.

Lila I.

There is only one way on earth to handle a bully: Fight back with all your intelligence, all your strength, and all your determination.

From your letter, which was fascinating but much too long to print in its entirety, I gathered that you have put up with this woman's nonsense for nineteen years and that you have never revolted. What a shame. You should announce, immediately and in ringing tones, that this woman is not to live in your home. I believe your children will back you up 100 per cent and that your husband (a bewildered only child) will be happy to have a nineteen-year-old festering wound laid bare. Don't be afraid to stand up for yourself. You have rights but apparently you are the only person who can protect them.

Don't let this woman dominate you and ruin the mid-years of your life which can be so happy. Blow up. Pound the table if necessary. But insist upon maintaining the privacy of your own home, of your own dinner table, and of your own recreational days.

If I sound like a bugle playing "Charge"—that is my intention!

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am twenty-three so I feel that I must do something about my life and my future at once or it will be too late.

Ever since I graduated from high school I have worked for my father in a small-town store. About two years ago I decided that I wanted to learn a profession so I went to a large city and enrolled in a beauty school. I loved the work and graduated with fine recommendations. I returned home to rest before setting out to find a job in the beauty field.

While I was at home I took a job in a local factory in order to repay my mother the amount she had loaned me to see me through school. The pay was good so I cleared up my obligation quickly. So I started to look for work in a beauty shop.

At this time my father bought another store in a near-by town and asked me to run it until it began to pay off. And here I am, working twelve to fifteen hours a day, drawing very meager pay (my father cannot afford to employ a stranger or even a part-time worker), and losing my knack in the work I want to be doing.

I love my parents, but I have a lonely life. I am the youngest member of a large family, but all the rest are married and have homes of their own. I am beginning to feel penned in. I never go any place as all the young people I used to know have moved to larger cities or have married. I guess I'm stuck because my father would have to close the store if I left, but I do wish I could think of something to give me a new interest in life.

Korey T.

Wouldn't it be possible for you to set aside a cubicle in your father's store and use the space as a small beauty shop? Probably there are a few hours each day—perhaps in the morning—when there are few customers in your store. You could accept appointments during those hours and gradually build up a beauty shop business of your own.

Also, for your own protection, you should have some sort of a contract with your father so that you would be drawing pay or promises to pay equivalent to standard wages for your type of work in your town. It is unpleasant to think of such things, but if something should happen to your father, his equity in the business would be divided equally among the children (unless his will specifies differently) regardless of the fact that all of your effort and none of theirs has gone into the running of the business.

Business within a family should be conducted according to the same ethical principles as those used in dealings with strangers, otherwise all manner of trouble can result.

Claudette Colbert

.

Have you a problem which seems to have no solution? Would you like the thoughtful advice of

CLAUDETTE COLBERT?

If you would, write to her in care of Photoplay, 321 S. Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, Cal., and if Miss Colbert feels that your problem is of general interest, she'll consider answering it here. Names and addresses will be held confidential for your protection.

.

I dreamed I was a

Lady Ambassador in my

maidenform bra

Shown: Maidenform's Maidenette* in white satin and lace... from 1.50

There is a *maidenform* for every type of figure!

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. COPYRIGHT 1955 MAIDENFORM MFG. CO.



LAUGHING STOCK

BY ERSKINE JOHNSON

(See Erskine Johnson's "Hollywood Reel" on your local TV station.)

HOLLYWOOD STARS are playing themselves in the Warner movie, "Starlift." When Ruth Roman was asked how it feels to play Ruth Roman, she replied: "It's the most difficult acting job I've ever had. I never knew Ruth Roman was so complicated."

* * *

When Marta Toren meets Humphrey Bogart for the first time in "Sirocco," she does a double take and then says: "You're so ugly. How can a man so ugly be so handsome?"

* * *

Greta Garbo's latest gastronomical delight:

A wild rice nutburger with a dessert of strawberry yogurt pie!

* * *

Boy friend Jerome Hines was the first to hear that Yvonne de Carlo would play the role of *Prince Orlovsky* in "Die Fledermaus" at the Hollywood Bowl. When Yvonne gave him the news about the male masquerade, his only words were: "Ye Gads, what a waste!"

* * *

Sir Cedric Hardwicke's opinion of his acting: "I can't act. I have never acted. And I shall never act. What I can do is to suspend the audience's power of judgment until I have finished."

* * *

Overheard at the Tallyho: "What this country needs is someone who knows what this country needs."

* * *

At Ciro's: "It takes forty years for a woman to be forty and then she has only twenty years to enjoy it."

* * *

There's a permanent sign on a West Los Angeles theatre marquee which reads: "ESCAPE FROM TELEVISION."

* * *

"Storks Don't Talk" is the title of a new movie being filmed in London. In Hollywood, they hire a press agent to publish a timetable six months in advance.

* * *

A Hollywood Western matinee was advertised as: "Mati-NEIGH Today."

* * *

Fading movie queen to a friend: "I don't intend to grow old gracefully. I'm fighting every step of the way."

* * *

Talking about a certain movie executive, Nick Lucas cracked: "All he needs to get ahead—is a head."

* * *

Sign of the times: The Bali-Bali, a South Sea Island cafe in Palm Springs, California, has a sign out front reading: "The Bali-Bali Has Gone Western."

* * *

Vanessa Brown, working in a night-club scene, broke up in the middle of her dialogue.

The last item on the prop menu handed to her by an extra playing a waiter read: "After Dinner Minks."



★ Betty's cards make a "tree." Esther's
★ Xmas socks will give the Gages a glow.



HOLIDAY ★★★

Trimmings

When the Christmas lights go on in Hollywood homes they reveal a lot of decorative ideas for the holiday season.

Betty Hutton of "The Greatest Show on Earth" loves to keep Christmas cards where she can see them. Her novel idea is to decorate a wide expanse of wall with them, to create an intriguing, stylized Christmas tree. First, she fastens a "key" card on a nail at the top center of the wall and tapes the rest together in ever-widening rows. In other words, two cards are taped to the "key" card. Three are added in the next row, four in the next and so on, until she has her tree effect.

Esther Williams of "Texas Carnival" is starting her Christmas tradition this year with clever stockings for the family. For Benjie and Kimmie, she made one red and one green felt stocking, with appliqued red and white felt Christmas trees and candy canes and their names in white felt. For golfer Ben, Esther used plaid cotton with a border of golf tees around the cuff. For herself, she used lame, decorated with sequins and colorful felt fish.

There's no end to what you can do to give your home that Christmas glow.

Double Beauty Offer

2 wonderful creams to make you doubly lovely!



Woodbury Cold Cream—to give deeper cleansing than ever before!

Woodbury's new wonder-working ingredient, Penaten, makes the cleansing, softening oils in Woodbury Cold Cream *penetrate deeper* than ever. It gently floats away dust and grime—leaves skin immaculate and exquisitely smooth.



Woodbury Dry Skin Cream—to give youthful softness even to extra-dry skin!

The magic of Penaten in Woodbury Dry Skin Cream carries lanolin and 4 other softeners deep into the corneum layers of the skin. It soothes away dry lines—makes skin smoother, younger-looking with the *first* application!

Try Woodbury Dry Skin Cream with Fabulous new Penaten **FREE** when you buy Woodbury Cold Cream . . .
94¢ value *only* 69¢ plus tax



Look for this display at your favorite cosmetic counter! Get your gift of Woodbury Dry Skin Cream while the offer lasts!

THERE'S ALWAYS fun ahead when Jerry Lewis is in the party picture! Left, Danny Arnold, Marion Marshall step out with Jerry and his wife





GREG BAUTZER took not one, but two lovely ladies to "The Blue Veil"—the star, Jane Wyman, and her daughter, Maureen Reagan

Town Topics: Pleased as punch over his first bachelor apartment (decorated in gray, black and white by the talented Paul Fox), Scott Brady cooked his first at-home dinner for Dorothy Malone and a group of friends . . . Hollywood's newest and sexiest agent is Jane Russell, who landed a job for her old friend Portia Nelson, who's now singing at the Cafe Gala . . . Personal to those who wrote in and asked for Maureen O'Hara's great-aunt's special exercises for developing the bust: "I'm sorry I can't divulge this," says the lovely looker, "but I'm writing a book on beauty and the exercise will be included when it's published" . . . A letter addressed to "Alex" with a five-cent piece (nickel) held down by Scotch tape, was delivered to Alex Nicol in Hollywood!

Behind the News: No wonder Frank Sinatra and Ava Gardner's nerves are on edge these days! Ruthless reporters are giving them very good reasons. A mild illness from a sleeping-pill allergy turned into a "suicide attempt" story on Frank, when it hit front pages. Once, when Ava

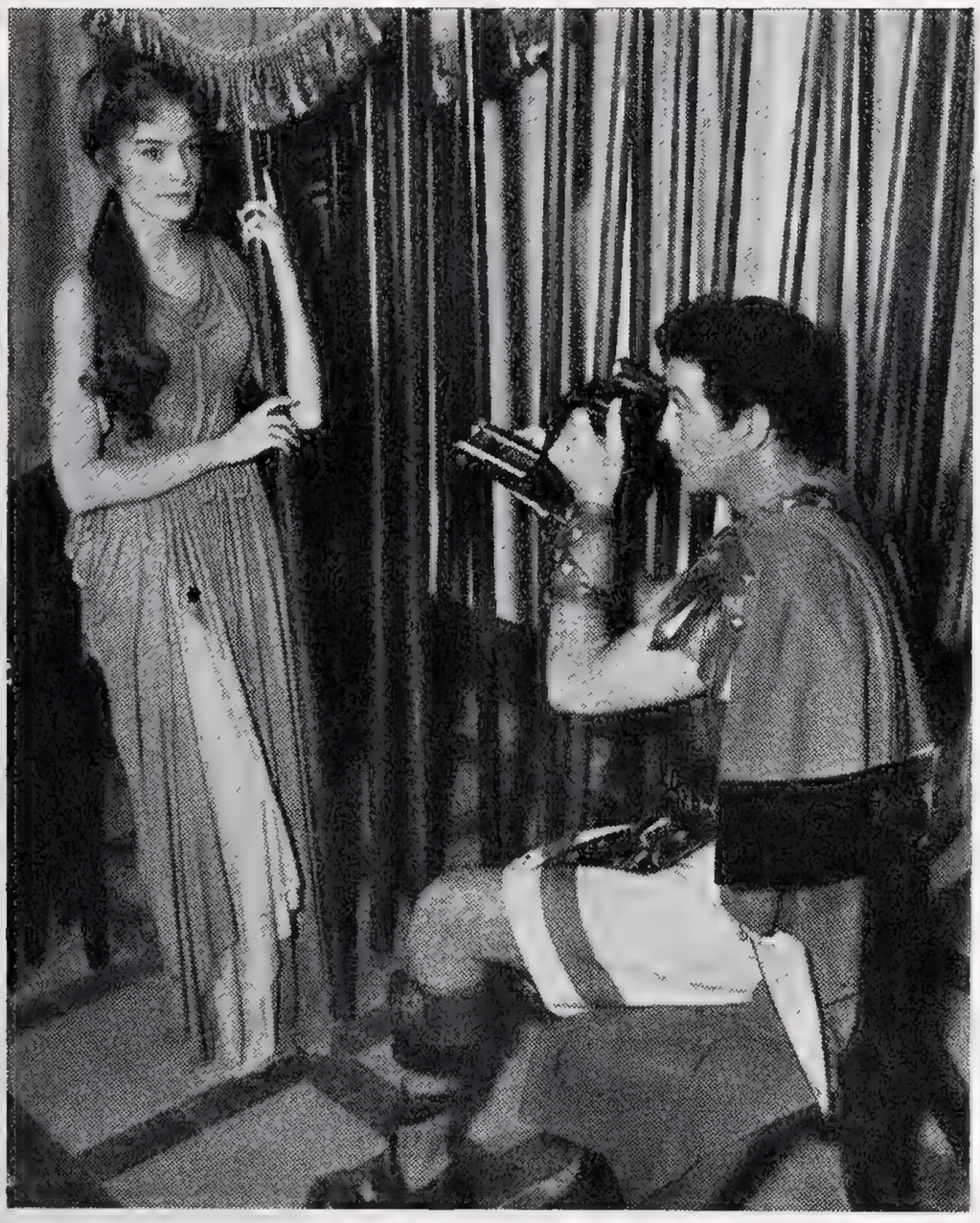
(*Continued on page* 14)

THE LEADING siren in "David and Bathsheba," Susan Hayward, parties at Romanoff's with her husband, Jess Barker



CAL YORK'S GOSSIP OF HOLLYWOOD





INSIDE STUFF



PETITE FRENCH dancer and actress Leslie Caron, surprised in dressing room, has first dramatic role in Barbara's film

GETTING READY for the camera is Barbara Stanwyck, above, on "The Man with a Cloak" set. Posing for Bob Taylor, below, is Deborah Kerr, in Rome for film "Quo Vadis"

THAT'S

Hollywood

FOR YOU



I feel like a peeping Tom whenever I watch Jane Russell move about in a scene . . . Marlon Brando acts with almost a contempt for the camera . . . "A Place in the Sun" gets my vote for the Academy Award . . . Very few movie fans can tell you who won the last batch of Oscars . . . Not that I give beauty hints, but Ava Gardner washes her face with soap and water and then covers it with a thick layer of oil. Ava's a natural from any angle.

I know that Rhonda Fleming is pretty, but I don't get any message . . . Ronald Reagan and George Murphy strike me more as salesmen for Hollywood than as actors . . . Francis, the talking mule, while working in "Francis Covers the Big Town," backed into a newly tarred wall and the make-up department had to supply him with a false bottom for the scene . . . Van Heflin calls everyone "honey." He even calls guys "honey." Still I like it better than Mickey Rooney's calling me "Uncle Sidney."



Rooney

Ida Lupino always refers to "men and females." She claims "females" sounds more feminine than "women." I think that Ida's discovery, Sally Forrest, looks plenty like Ida, don't you? . . . And Jeanne Crain's husband is a ringer for Errol Flynn. So much so that Pat Wymore was surprised to see Brinkman in Schwab's on a day when Flynn was out of town . . . Marlene Dietrich remains my favorite glamour girl, and when I asked her what glamour is, she replied, "I can't tell you what it is, but I'm awfully glad people say I've got it."

I still like Judy Garland's line to Bing Crosby. She said, "Bing, I saw a sneak preview of your picture and all of us sneaks loved it" . . . Jane Wyman deserves an award for versatility. Jane can give a great performance as a song-and-dance woman and then in the next picture, turn in a great dramatic performance . . . There's a certain type of movie actress that every man wants to marry—except the man she is married to . . . I seldom eat popcorn in a movie theatre.

Shelley Winters has said, "When I'm not acting for money, I'm acting for free." She's not kidding . . . Groucho Marx, playing host to a group of people at Mocambo, was at a table behind Marie Wilson. The waiter asked Groucho if he would like to move to another table. "No," said Groucho, "I like the obstruction better than the view" . . . I'm always fascinated when I stroll by a manager's office in a theatre . . . By the way, did you hear about the theatre manager who crowed, "We're getting a new class of people—those who want to get away from television" . . . The wolf pack now calls them "truesies" to distinguish them from you-know-whatsies.



Mayo

Virginia Mayo should be given the Betty Grable treatment. She's pin-up bait . . . Don Taylor's bathroom is papered with pages from his movie scripts . . . I think "The Prowler" is the most underrated picture of the semester and I can't understand how it ever got the approval of the Johnston office . . . I was embarrassed for Jeff Chandler in "Iron Man." He's too good an actor to have to make those faces.

Whenever I read about a movie player going to Broadway to do a show, I think he's having trouble getting a job in Hollywood. But when I read about a stage actor coming to Hollywood, I think he has been discovered . . . I realize I'm in the minority, but I didn't buy Vivien Leigh's performance in the picture "A Streetcar Named Desire." I always felt that she was acting . . . Scott Brady, who does very well for himself with the gals, claims he can size up a woman immediately by the type of perfume she uses.



Brady

Monty Clift says that he does not consider money important if it interferes with his ambition to become a good actor. And he makes more money that way . . . Jan Sterling sleeps in the raw, but usually wears a shortie pajama when she first crawls into bed for a session of reading. When it's time to turn off the light Jan rips this garment off . . . A producer, telling Oscar Levant about the preview of his picture, said that when it was over the audience applauded. "Maybe," suggested Oscar, "they were applauding because it was over." That's Hollywood for you!

BY SIDNEY SKOLSKY

(*Continued from page* 12)

neglected to smile in public, another "feud" story resulted. Someone even tried to rumor a romance with Clark Gable. Now *here's* a near-tragedy that *did* happen to Ava but every reporter missed it. She was driving her beautiful Cadillac up to Lake Tahoe, to vacation while Frank appeared in a Las Vegas night club. Suddenly a deer leaped out in front of her. Ava swerved into the opposite traffic lane but fortunately no cars were passing. The grillwork was all but ruined and she had it fixed at the nearest garage. When she started out again, the hood became unfastened, flew back and smashed into the windshield. Ava was terror-stricken, the car almost turned over, but she managed to stop before she fainted! Cal hopes that with Frank's divorce, he and Ava will be spared any further heartache.

Casual Casualty: Tony Curtis tells it on himself, which is one more reason why Cal thinks he's one of the most unaffected guys in Hollywood. It seems a publicity man who was really reaching, put out a story that Tony *bled* red blood when Piper Laurie bit his lip during a love scene! "I received a letter from some G.I.s in Korea," he said sheepishly. (Tony *didn't* remind us that he was in the last war himself!) "They sympathized with me because I was suffering such hardships, while they were living a lush life where they were. Because they felt so sorry for me, they said, they enclosed—a *band-aid!*"

(*Continued on page* 16)



GOING THEIR romantic way on the Hollywood merry-go-round are Mitzi Gaynor, fiance Richard Coyle

JOHN SERVES his TERM

When John Agar's wife visited him at the Wayside Honor Farm, Photoplay's reporter was right behind her! BY DIANE SCOTT



JOHN WAS as pleased as wife Loretta about the many letters and wires people had sent him. Of his life at the prison farm, John says, "You can learn from any experience—it is up to you"



LORETTA AGAR, at the wheel of the black Ford convertible, drove with a skilled hand along Highway 99, which she travels at every opportunity. It leads to the Wayside Honor Farm where John Agar, her husband, is serving five months with possible time off for good behavior. He was sentenced on August 27th for drunken driving.

"John and I have been married four months now," she said. "It seems longer, but when you think of it, we haven't been together too much."

She's tall and slim, a former fashion model with brown hair and thickly lashed eyes that are very blue in her tanned face.

They had been married only a little over three months that Monday morning when Loretta went to court with John—to hear his sentence. They thought, as had many others, that he might be given a suspended sentence, that they might go home again together. Instead, John had been taken downtown and Loretta, shocked and stunned, had returned to his mother's home alone.

The Wayside Honor Farm, just off the highway, would seem picturesque under more pleasant circumstances. Blue skies, rolling fields, purple mountains were silhouetted against a bright extra-hot sun.

Here John Agar rises at six A.M., works until twelve, and again from one until four. In ninety-odd degree heat, on this particular day, he had been shoveling cement down by the livestock farm, building a pig sty.

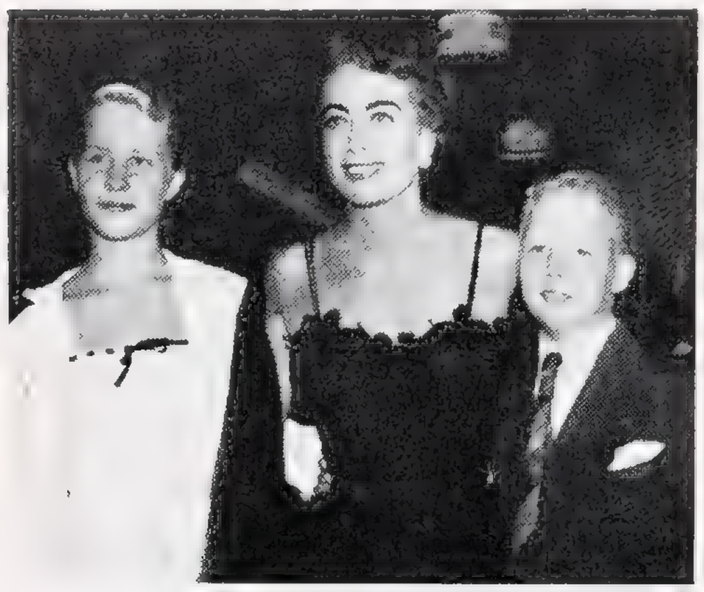
As we approached the barracks-like Administration Building, one of the hundreds of blue-denimed men resting in the shade saw us. He came towards Loretta with an eager look and a quick warm smile. He looked tired, tired as any man would be who had been doing manual labor under that hot sun. His eyes were red-streaked—from an infection he got during Army days. He must undergo special treatment as soon as there is an opportunity. Of his tan, he said yes, he was "picking up a little color."

Haven't you picked up something else—a mustache? "Just trying it for kicks," he said. (*Continued on page* 95)

HOLLYWOOD PARTY LINE



The "preem" of "The Blue Veil" was an occasion. It's a truly wonderful picture full of great performances—especially that of its star, Jane Wyman. Jane looked so smart in her rather tailored dress of black velvet with the tiniest black velvet hat and small cape stole of white mink. With Jane was her daughter (see page 12) and, believe it or not, it was the first time the child had seen Ma in a movie! Joan Crawford had her two oldest kids, Christopher and Christina, in tow and Lana Turner, slim and smart in black crepe, came with director Curt Bernhardt. The Wyman's ex, Ronnie Reagan, was there with Nancy Davis and both got a big hello from Jane. Spotted another Jane—last name Russell —at the curb waiting for her car in an



CHRISTOPHER proudly escorts mother Joan Crawford, Christina, to premiere

ermine job that, so-help-us, could have been either a dress or wrap. (Found out later it was a wrap.) The soft fur was draped into short sleeves; it was belted at the waist with jeweled leather about three inches wide and the ermine skirt fell in full folds to her ankles, as though it were a piece of silk. P.S. She had grabbed it out of the studio wardrobe department in a mad dash between work and premiere.

Slightly unusual, too, was the "courage" Joan Crawford showed by showing up for lunch at Romanoff's in an orange-colored tweedy sports costume. Why the courage? Because, in case you've forgotten, Joan's hair is still red. But she looked wonderful. The coat-type dress was diagonally buttoned from neck-clinging neckline to waistline which sported a wide black calf belt. Intricately cut, comfortable sleeves ended at the elbow with turn-back cuffs of the same soft wool. Skirt was very full over crinoline. Her accessories were black—plus great hunks of heavy gold jewelry.

It was all furs and furbelows at the Ice Follies opening. Saw Ann Blyth there with best beau Dick Clayton. Ann was wearing a plain ruby-red rather stiff velvet dress that featured baggy sleeves ending in a tight band at mid-forearm. The high round neck was fastened with a big velvet bow and another bow just above the belt of the full skirt—and that's all there is to describe. Ann's hair-do, though, looked different—for her. She had it parted in the middle, drawn tightly back into a big chignon that covered the entire rear of her pretty head. Jeanne Crain wore a dressy street dress of black satin with a very low neckline that became a stand-up collar as it crept over the shoulders. The bodice was draped, sleeves were short and plain, the skirt very full.

With the "cool, cool, cool of the season" upon us, skirts will swish in even wider circles and soon, if not already, you'll be wearing full skirts *over* full skirts—and I don't mean petticoats! The split, flying full skirt that flew over the slim sheath is now split right down the center-front and reveals another skirt of just about the same fullness beneath it. Some are split to reveal sequined panels of net, or contrasting shades of another material. This innovation which sounds so luxurious is really a good bet for the economy department. Any gal can split the full skirt of a little number that's been around a while and insert a glittery panel from waist to hem and quite inexpensively achieve the effect of still another voluminous skirt beneath it.

Don Loper opened his new dress salon with a huge cocktail-through-midnight soiree and he's really outdone himself with the decor. Most of the hundreds who streamed in and out said there just isn't a gown emporium in this country or Europe that can compare with it for taste and elegance. Most chic gals we saw there were Mona Freeman and Diana Lynn. Di wore a strapless calf-length, tight-skirted cocktail costume of black velvet with an enormous diamond flower pinned on the heart-shaped decollete of the bodice; black velvet gloves; large very wide-brimmed flat black velvet hat. Mona wore a daytime street dress of off-white heavy silk, buttoned all the way from neck to hem mid-front, with a tiny rolled collar, shortish push-up sleeves; a shallow-crowned small sailor of matching felt; dark brown accessories.

At the Air Force Wing Ding in the Hollywood Bowl; Betty Hutton, who has developed a mad passion for little bows, was wearing a white lace dress on which marched tiny black velvet bows from the neckline right to the hem!

BY EDITH GWYNN

(*Continued from page* 14)

Blessed Events: Shirley Temple Black denies the report that she is expecting a baby, while the Jeffrey Hunters (Barbara Rush) only wish the report about them were true . . . It's a girl for the grateful Robert Ryans who optimistically promised their two sons a baby sister . . . James Mason's favorite role is playing godfather to John Antony Fregonese, whose super-sexy Mom is Faith Domergue. The wee one has a half-sister whose father is Ted Stauffer, who is Hedy Lamarr's current husband . . . Marshall Thompson and Buddy Ebsen exchanged cigars in the father's waiting room when their respective wives gave birth to baby girls . . . Sharon Patricia Cummings timed her world entrance to take place the day after Bob departed for New York to do a play with Ann Sothern.

Tomorrow's Twinklers: It was Sunday afternoon at the Ocean House. All eyes on the terrace turned on two young ladies having lunch—Miss Gigi Perreau and her "young" sister, Janine Perreau. While Gigi was quite the mistress of the situation, Janine put up a beautiful little battle to keep her poise and dignity. Amused by it all, a solicitous old gentleman stopped by their table. "May I ask if you are a movie star, *too?*" he asked Janine. With righteous indignation she held her head high. "Certainly *not*," she answered icily, "*I* am an actress!"



ON THE AIR; outside Grauman's Chinese, are John Hodiak, Anne Baxter. John recently left M-G-M

INSIDE STUFF

Young Man in a Flurry: The experience of Russell Nype is particularly disheartening, when you consider the great "brains" involved. The singing sensation of "Call Me Madam" fame needed Hollywood like he needed a hole in his crew-cut head. But they fought to get him for the role of the harassed father of three, for "Young Man in a Hurry." Russell begged for a screen test; he wasn't too young-looking, the studio insisted. No test was necessary. After twelve days of shooting, the bespectacled crooner was replaced by Glenn Ford. Director Mitch Leisen and Russell didn't always agree, but he was dumfounded when the studio called him and told him not to report. Yes, they have to pay him off, but that isn't the point. There's no compensation for injuring a man's pride. Russell Nype really was thrilled with being in Hollywood. Cal hopes that New York theatre audiences will help him to forget his disillusionment.

Cal Salutes: Joan Crawford for caring about other people. Mrs. Martha Wade of Fort Worth, Texas, who won Photoplay's Hollywood Holiday Contest, was so anxious to meet her favorite star. When Joan accidentally heard about it, unsolicited she invited the winner, together with her daughter-in-law, Mrs. James Hubbitt, to Romanoff's for lunch. This despite the fact that Joan's cook had been taken to the hospital that morning and it was her nurse's day off . . . Bette Davis for her admirable lack of ego. For months, as announced, Photoplay planned on Ethel Barrymore serving as one of the judges in its Pasadena Playhouse Scholarship contest. When Miss Barrymore needed to rest and had to leave town, Bette (without benefit of any publicity) graciously stepped in and "substituted." She had been up since dawn, worked all day on the set of "Phone Call from a Stranger," then drove over to Pasadena that night . . . Bill Holden for substituting at the last moment when Greg Peck couldn't make the contest. What a sincere easy-going guy! Cal was standing next to Bill's lovely wife Brenda Marshall when Bette announced that Virginia McGuire won. "Wouldn't it be nice if Bill said something to the two girls who lost," we whispered. "If I know Bill, *he will,*" his wife whispered back. The following day he also contacted the Paramount casting office and put in a plug for the losers. Bill Holden's wonderful new fifteen-year contract couldn't happen to a more deserving friend.

Patron Saint: Attention teenagers. Ask Mom and Dad about Gareth Hughes, who was a handsome young star with the popularity and appeal of a Farley Granger. Today, the kindly, white-haired Gareth is known as Brother David, who devotes his life to the under-privileged American Indians. Gareth visited Hollywood recently and came to call on Cal. "Hollywood people have been so kind in helping me with my work," he told us, "especially Marion Davies. She sent me a little car so I could transport the sick and the dead. Mark Stevens is another who encloses a check in every letter." This friendship dates back to Mark's testing for "The Corn Is Green," when Gareth was called back to coach the Welsh accents. Our Indians are badly in need of practical clothes and shoes. Anyone who remembers Gareth Hughes can add to his happiness by sending bundles addressed to Brother David, Nixon, Nevada.

Hollywood Is Amused: By Marlon Brando and Russell the Raccoon. When Marlon's mother arrived for a visit recently, she surprised him by bringing his pet with her to the set of "Viva Zapata!" Completely unimpressed by Hollywood and movie-making, Russell finally had to be locked up in Marlon's car outside the sound stage. Judging by what he did to the interior of the vehicle, Russell is rehearsing to be a critic! . . . By Jimmy Cagney, who finished "Come Fill the Cup" and went to Chicago to purchase a special breed of Scotch Highland cattle. The one and only "Cag," who wanted the cattle for beef-eating purposes, took one look at their long red hair and bulging eyes. "I can't do it," he moaned mockingly. "It would be just like eating my own brother!"



DALE ROBERTSON, who recently deserted his bachelor brothers, on a party spree with bride Jacqueline



CARLETON CARPENTER, cute Anne Francis, are determined to lift Clifton Webb's party spirits!



JANE POWELL, back from beach stay with becoming tan, new hair-do and husband Geary Steffen.

Why Tampax is so different



Many women are surprised to find how *different* Tampax really is when contrasted with the type of sanitary protection they have known since childhood. Tampax is not just another *brand*, but actually a different *kind* of sanitary protection.

No belts, pins or pads

Once you understand that Tampax is worn "internally" you begin to see how belts, pins and external pads can all be discarded. No longer need this harness produce bulges or ridges under one's dress.

Only a fraction of the bulk

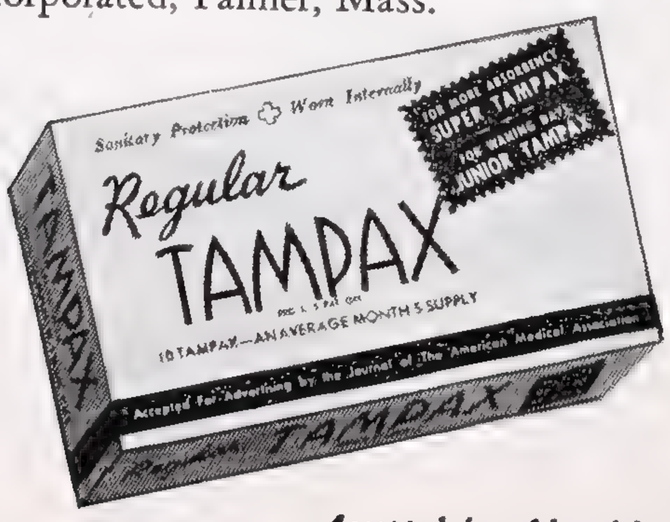
Neat and tiny as it is, Tampax is very absorbent. And after insertion (with dainty applicator) you cannot even feel its presence. Disposal is extremely easy as Tampax is naturally very much less in bulk than the older types.

Can be worn in shower

Yes, ma'am! You can leave the Tampax in place during your tub or shower—also while swimming! College girls particularly are crazy about it. Actresses, nurses, office workers—millions of women. Enlist in the Tampax ranks now.

Invented by a doctor

Made of pure surgical cotton, Tampax causes no odor or chafing. Buy at drug or notion counters in 3 absorbencies—Regular, Super, Junior. Whole month's supply slips into your purse. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



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WHAT HOLLYWOOD'S

Whispering about

P. S. LOWE



OFF TO A dancing date: The Gene Nelsons and Gower and Marge Champion

The bed, measuring six feet by seven, which Ava Gardner has ordered for her Pacific Palisades house—complete with a specially made thick mattress and a coverlet of gray Irish linen . . . Melinda Markey's future as an actress after her season in summer stock with her mother, Joan Bennett. Melinda may decide to give it all up for romance—Peter Whorf in particular. Pete, son of director-actor Richard Whorf, worked as scenic designer at the Marblehead Playhouse when Melinda was there . . . Clark Gable's determination to "get away from it all," which finds him looking for ranch land above Antelope Valley.

Marlon Brando asking $150,000 for his next picture. He got $40,000 for "The Men" and $75,000 for "Streetcar." Would you call this a cost-of-living increase? . . . The two steaks dainty Vera-Ellen eats for lunch every day, needing extra energy for her strenuous dancing routines with Fred Astaire.

Pier Angeli's struggle to learn the English language. She really fractured the studio wardrobe department when she phoned them for a "brazille" to wear under her "turkey neck" sweater . . . The checkered vests which look so good on Tony Curtis that the Hollywood girls have started wearing them . . . Marge and Gower Champion coming to the rescue of their friends, the Gene Nelsons, and pinch-hitting for the baby sitter that didn't show up . . . The big scramble, following General MacArthur's speech, to register "Old Soldiers Never Die" as a title. Now Twentieth, having won, has changed the title to "Fix Bayonets!"

INSIDE STUFF

Great Gal: Cal is positive that if there were more girls like Alexis Smith in Hollywood, there would be fewer unhappy egocentrics. Along with making good sense, Alexis has a great sense of humor. For example, she's tall, she refuses to make it a problem, she kids about it. You saw her terrific trouping in "Here Comes the Groom." Well, here's the story behind the story, of how she got the job. For days the studio tried to get Bing Crosby to look at her test. Finally, one day while Alexis was seeing it, Bing slipped into the darkened projection room. When Alexis came on the screen, he turned to writer Barney Dean and cracked: "Say, who's the first baseman?" The lights went on, Bing turned around. "I knew it—I knew it," he groaned. "This had to happen to me someday and it serves me right for making cracks." Alexis just grinned. "Never mind the cracks," she said. "What I want to know is—when are you coming over to play ball?" Bing just threw up his hands. "If you didn't have the job before—you *sure* have it *now!*" he roared. So Alexis went to work.

A Little from Lots: A private showing of "Westward the Women," sent audiences into hysterical raves over Bob Taylor's performance as the rugged killer, who slaps women and makes them love it . . . The very deserving Bob Hutton, who gets his chance again opposite Bob Mitchum in "The Racket," is so good RKO is talking a term deal . . . The gals playing Waves in "Skirts Ahoy" are so-o-o young and so-o-o beautiful, the set slogan is—"Eighteen will get you thirty!" Years, that is.

Wistful Widow: Wearing no heart on her beautiful sleeve, Lana Turner hailed Cal on the "Merry Widow" set. It was less than a week following those ridiculous stories of an attempted suicide. Actually, when she became dizzy in the shower, her hand went through the glass door and stitches were necessary. Lana went to the hospital for a few hours and an insider without scruples notified the newspapers. Whether she asks for a divorce or legal separation from Bob Topping, remains to be seen. Everyone knows that April 26, 1948 (the day of her

(*Continued on page* 23)



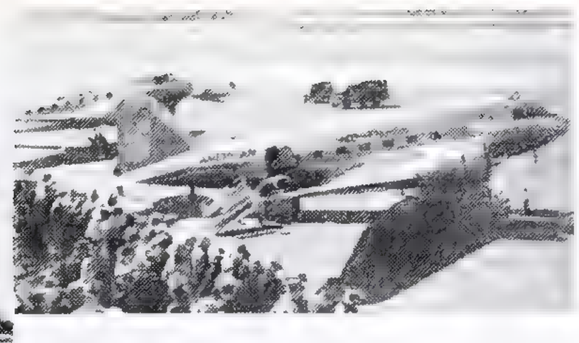
THE GREG PECKS: Work on new film kept Greg from acting as one of judges at final Photoplay Scholarship auditions



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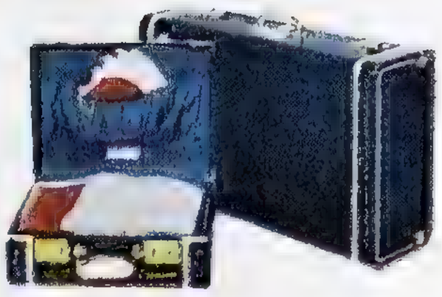
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BABY PRODUCTS

Brief Reviews

✓✓✓ (F) *ALICE IN WONDERLAND*—Disney RKO: All the beloved characters of the Lewis Carroll fantasy are brought to the screen through the magic animation of Walt Disney. (Sept.)

✓✓✓ (F) *AMERICAN IN PARIS, AN*—M-G-M: Ex-G.I. Gene Kelly remains in Paris after the war and falls in love with pal Georges Guetary's girl, Leslie Caron, in this gorgeous Technicolor musical. With Oscar Levant, Nina Foch. (Nov.)

✓✓ (F) *ANGELS IN THE OUTFIELD*—M-G-M: A charming fantasy in which tough baseball manager Paul Douglas inherits a guardian angel. With Janet Leigh, Keenan Wynn, Spring Byington. (Nov.)

✓½ (F) *CATTLE DRIVE*—U-I: Dean Stockwell, stranded after leaving his father's private railroad car, meets up with cowhand Joel McCrea and after a trek across the desert becomes a new boy. (Oct.)

✓✓ (F) *DARLING, HOW COULD YOU!*—Paramount: A cozy family type comedy in which Joan Fontaine and John Lund return after five years and are faced with some merry problems as they try to become reacquainted with children Mona Freeman and David Stollery. With Peter Hanson. (Nov.)

✓✓½ (A) *DAVID AND BATHSHEBA*—20th Century-Fox: Spectacular Technicolor production of the Biblical love story. With Gregory Peck and Susan Hayward as the lovers and Raymond Massey, Kieron Moore, Jayne Meadows. (Oct.)

✓✓ (F) *DAY THE EARTH STOOD STILL, THE*—20th Century-Fox: In this out-of-this-world drama a messenger from Mars lands in Washington and starts a series of exciting events. Michael Rennie is the Martian, with Pat Neal. (Nov.)

✓✓ (A) *DESERT FOX, THE*—20th Century-Fox: James Mason portrays Rommel in this interesting biography with events covering the Field Marshal's deteat in Africa, up to his liquidation by the Nazis. With Jessica Tandy, Bill Regnolds. (Nov.)

✓✓½ (A) *FROGMEN, THE*—20th Century-Fox: Richard Widmark, Dana Andrews and Gary Merrill star in a spine-tingling tale of men in World War II who faced death in the ocean's depths. (Sept.)

✓✓ (F) *FLYING LEATHERNECKS, THE*—RKO: An overlong and somewhat repetitious story of the Marine Air Corps during the siege of Guadalcanal. With John Wayne, Robert Ryan, Don Taylor, Janis Carter. (Nov.)

✓✓ (A) *FORCE OF ARMS*—Warners: Realistic and tender love story in which William Holden and Nancy Olson meet and marry in war-torn Italy. With Frank Lovejoy. (Nov.)

✓½ (F) *GOLDEN HORDE, THE*—Universal: Another Arabian Nights' type of fantasy with Ann Blyth as a princess who tries to rid her city of *Genghis Khan's* blood-thirsty conquerors. David Farrar is around to help her. (Nov.)

✓✓ (F) *HAPPY GO LOVELY*—RKO: Vera-Ellen's terrific dancing keeps this British-made Technicolor musical from getting too bogged down. With David Niven, Cesar Romero. (Sept.)

✓✓ (F) *HARD, FAST, AND BEAUTIFUL*—RKO: Claire Trevor as a greedy mother who'd stop at nothing to turn her daughter, Sally Forrest, into a champion in this behind-the-scenes story of "amateur" tennis. With Robert Clarke. (Sept.)

✓✓ (A) *HE RAN ALL THE WAY* — U.A.: Wanted for a hold-up murder, John Garfield hides out in Shelley Winters' home hoping to keep her family as hostages until he can make a getaway. A suspenseful drama. With Wallace Ford, Selena Royle. (Sept.)

✓✓½ (F) *HERE COMES THE GROOM*—Paramount: Bing Crosby returns from abroad to find his girl, Jane Wyman, about to wed Franchot Tone. The methods he uses to prevent the marriage make this a zingy comedy. With Alexis Smith. (Oct.)

✓✓ (A) *HIS KIND OF WOMAN*—RKO: Fast-moving drama with some comedy relief in which Bob Mitchum takes a mysterious assignment in Mexico and becomes involved with Jane Russell and murder. With Tim Holt, Vincent Price. (Nov.)

✓½ (A) *HOTEL SAHARA*—Rank-U.A.: A satirical British comedy about the efforts of Peter Ustinov to keep fiancee Yvonne DeCarlo from the hands of the Italians, French and Germans. (Nov.)

✓✓ (A) *IRON MAN, THE*—U.I.: A dynamic fight film with Jeff Chandler, Stephen McNally, Evelyn Keyes, Rock Hudson. (Sept.)

✓✓ (F) *IT'S ONLY MONEY*—RKO: There's loads of laughs when bank teller Frank Sinatra is given a fortune and is unable to explain. Jane Russell and Groucho Marx are in on the fun. (Nov.)

✓ (F) *LADY FROM TEXAS, THE*—U-I: Howard Duff prevents Josephine Hull from being declared insane by unscrupulous characters in this corny dull comedy. With Mona Freeman. (Nov.)

✓✓ (A) *LAW AND THE LADY, THE*—M-G-M: Greer Garson and Michael Wilding form a partnership to fleece millionaires in this sprightly comedy. With Fernando Lamas, Marjorie Main. (Oct.)

✓½ (A) *LITTLE EGYPT*—U.I.: Too much conversation in this fanciful take-off on the story of the turn-of-the-century hooch dancer. With Rhonda Fleming, Mark Stevens, Nancy Guild. (Oct.)

✓½ (A) *MAGIC FACE, THE*—Columbia: Even if you won't go along with the theory that Hitler was killed midway in the war and an actor hired to impersonate him, you'll be interested in this unusual melodrama. With Luther Adler, Patricia Knight. (Oct.)

✓½ (F) *MARK OF THE RENEGADE*—U-I: A fast moving adventure film with Ricardo Montalban, Cyd Charisse, Gilbert Roland. (Sept.)

✓ (F) *MEET ME AFTER THE SHOW*—20th Century-Fox: A typical Grable musical with Betty suffering from amnesia and being wooed again by estranged husband Macdonald Carey. (Nov.)

✓✓ (A) *MILLIONAIRE FOR CHRISTY, A*—20th Century-Fox: A gay comedy in which Eleanor Parker decides to marry Fred MacMurray sight unseen and proceeds in a mad and merry way to do it. With Richard Carlson. (Nov.)
✓✓ (F) *MR. BELVEDERE RINGS THE BELL*—20th Century-Fox: Clifton Webb pretends he's seventy and enters, along with pandemonium and havoc, an old age home. With Joanne Dru, Hugh Marlowe. (Oct.)
✓✓ (F) *MISTER DRAKE'S DUCK*—U-I: A whimsical comedy of events that occur when Douglas Fairbanks and Yolande Dolan, honeymooning on his farm, find their duck lays uranium eggs. (Oct.)
✓½ (A) *MR. IMPERIUM*—M-G-M: Beautiful but numb Technicolor production with Lana Turner, Ezio Pinza, Debbie Reynolds, Marjorie Main. (Oct.)
✓✓½ (A) *MOB, THE*—Columbia: Policeman Brod Crawford secures a job as a dock worker in order to bring himself in contact with the "mob." Rugged action drama. (Oct.)
✓✓½ (A) *NO HIGHWAY IN THE SKY*—20th Century-Fox: An unusual and exciting comedy co-starring Jimmy Stewart, Marlene Dietrich, Glynis Johns. (Oct.)
✓✓½ (F) *ON MOONLIGHT BAY*—Warners: When Doris Day and Gordon MacRae fall in love, they have plenty of trouble coping with papa Leon Ames and kid brother Billy Gray, in this nostalgic Technicolor musical. (Oct.)
✓½ (F) *ON THE LOOSE*—RKO-Filmakers: Neglected by her parents, Joan Evans makes some mistakes that almost lead to her suicide. With Melvyn Douglas, Lynn Bari, Bob Arthur. (Nov.)
✓½ (F) *PAINTING THE CLOUDS WITH SUNSHINE*—Warners: An outdated musical with Virginia Mayo, Lucille Norman, Virginia Gibson as three ambitious young entertainers who go to Las Vegas to snag a millionaire. Dennis Morgan, Gene Nelson and Tom Conway are the men. (Nov.)
(F) *PARDON MY FRENCH*—U.A.: American school teacher, Merle Oberon, inherits a French chateau and becomes involved with musician Paul Henreid and his five children. (Oct.)
✓✓ (A) *PEOPLE AGAINST O'HARA, THE*—M-G-M: Spencer Tracy, as an alcoholic lawyer, tries to save Jim Arness from the electric chair in this drama. With Diana Lynn, Bill Campbell. (Nov.)
✓✓ (A) *PEOPLE WILL TALK*—20th Century-Fox: A strange comedy in which Cary Grant and Jeanne Crain fall in love and marry under some unusual circumstances. With Hume Cronyn. (Nov.)
✓✓✓ (A) *PLACE IN THE SUN, A*—Paramount: The three stars give superlative performances in this heartbreaking and modern screen version of "An American Tragedy," with Monty Clift as the confused young man whose ambition and love for Liz Taylor leads to Shelley Winters' undoing. (Sept.)
✓✓½ (F) *RED BADGE OF COURAGE, THE*—M-G-M: Audie Murphy is a frightened young farm boy who, thrown into battle, overcomes cowardice in this moving Civil War story. (Nov.)
✓✓✓ (F) *RHUBARB* — Paramount: Hilarious farce about a spirited cat who inherits a baseball team and $30,000,000. With Ray Milland, Jan Sterling, Gene Lockhart. (Oct.)
✓✓ (F) *RICH, YOUNG AND PRETTY*—M-G-M: When millionaire Wendell Corey takes daughter Jane Powell to Paris, he doesn't count on her meeting her mother, Danielle Darrieux, new beau Vic Damone. With Fernando Lamas, Una Merkel. (Oct.)
✓✓ (A) *SATURDAY'S HERO*—Columbia: A disillusioning exposé of the college football scene with John Derek, Donna Reed, Sidney Blackmer. (Oct.)
✓✓ (A) *SECRET OF CONVICT LAKE, THE*—20th Century-Fox: Glenn Ford leads Richard Hylton, Zachary Scott and two other fellow convicts to a mountain settlement where they are reluctantly given refuge by Gene Tierney, Ethel Barrymore, Barbara Bates and Ann Dvorak. Exciting! (Oct.)
✓✓✓ (A) *SREETCAR NAMED DESIRE, A*—Warners: Magnificent screen version of the play. Vivien Leigh, Marlon Brando, Kim Hunter and Karl Malden give magnificent performances. (Sept.)
✓✓ (F) *STRICTLY DISHONORABLE*—M-G-M: A light-weight but entertaining comedy filled with complications when opera star Ezio Pinza falls for naive Janet Leigh. With Maria Palmer. (Sept.)
✓½ (A) *STRIP, THE*—M-G-M: Mickey Rooney becomes involved with racketeer James Craig, night-club dancer Sally Forrest and a killing in this mild melodrama with a Sunset Boulevard setting. (Nov.)
✓½ (F) *SUNNY SIDE OF THE STREET*—Columbia: Frankie Laine and Billy Daniels again co-star in a pleasant little musical. With Jerome Courtland, Terry Moore, Audrey Long. (Nov.)
✓ (F) *TALL TARGET, THE*—M-G-M: Detective Dick Powell prevents an assassination attempt on President Lincoln in fairly interesting story supposedly based on a chapter in American history. With Marshall Thompson, Paula Raymond. (Nov.)
✓✓ (F) *THAT'S MY BOY*—Paramount: You'll laugh till your sides split when Jerry Lewis sets out to be a football star with the help of Dean Martin. With Ruth Hussey, Marion Marshall. (Sept.)
✓✓ (A) *THUNDER ON THE HILL*—U-I: A tense melodrama in which nun Claudette Colbert tries to prove Ann Blyth innocent of the murder charges against her. With Philip Friend. (Oct.)
✓½ (A) *TOMORROW IS ANOTHER DAY*—Warners: Ex-convict Steve Cochran meets dime-a-dance girl Ruth Roman, becomes involved in a death which forces the couple to turn fugitive. (Nov.)
✓✓½ (F) *WELL, THE*—U.A.: A gripping movie about the riots that ensue after a little Negro girl falls into a well and a white man is accused of her kidnapping. With Henry Morgan. (Oct.)
✓½ (F) *YOU NEVER CAN TELL*—U-I: Confusing but fanciful little comedy in which Dick Powell plays a German Shepherd dog who comes back to earth to expose Charles Drake who is after Peggy Dow's money. With Joyce Holden. (Nov.)

DEBORAH KERR, co-starring in M.G.M.'S "QUO VADIS," Color by Technicolor



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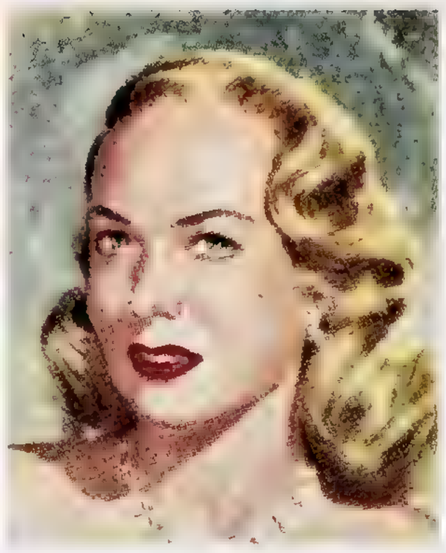
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Associate Producer RAYMOND HAKIM • Screenplay by NORMAN CORWIN • Story by FRANCOIS CAMPAUX

INSIDE STUFF

(*Continued from page* 18)

marriage) was a great turning point in the life of Lana. Everyone also knows there were tough moments along the way, that she wanted desperately to make a go of this marriage. Suddenly the strains of "The Merry Widow Waltz" filled the sound stage, and she was before the camera. Bright, gay and beautiful, Lana swayed in the arms of the handsome Fernando Lamas. To the casual observer Lana Turner has everything. To Cal—she has everything but happiness—and how we wish we could help her find it!

The $64 Question: Fans, exhibitors, everyone who saw Janice Rule in "Goodbye, My Fancy," was taken with her talent. Tony Beauchamp, a portrait photographer of international fame, pronounced her the most beautiful girl in Hollywood. The studio was ecstatic about her dancing with Gene Nelson in the yet-to-be-seen "Starlift," and supposedly had brilliant plans for her future. So what happens? At option time they don't renew her contract! Cal was as stunned as everyone else. Some say Janice tried to run the works. We doubt it, but even so, many stars have survived a similar phase when they hit the big time in Hollywood. Both Paramount and Twentieth Century-Fox have already sent for Janice. We can only wish her the good fortune we're sure she'll have.

Junior Mischief: Too young and tender to care for Hollywood parties, Debra Paget found herself with a popular host-about-town on her hands, who wouldn't take no for an answer. Finally she agreed to accept his invitation if she could bring someone with her. "Okay," he sighed. "But make sure that your escort dresses for dinner." Said Debra as she sighed: "Okay—but my mother's going to look awfully funny in a tuxedo!"

Predictions: His name is Tab Hunter, he's a twenty-year-old handsome blond, built like the answer to a teenager's dream. Linda Darnell saw his screen test and presto, he was signed to play opposite her in "Saturday's Island," being made in Jamaica. Keep tab on Tab, who's really going places . . . His name is



BACK FROM ROME, where he was on location for a picture, Paul Douglas heads for a premiere with wife Jan Sterling



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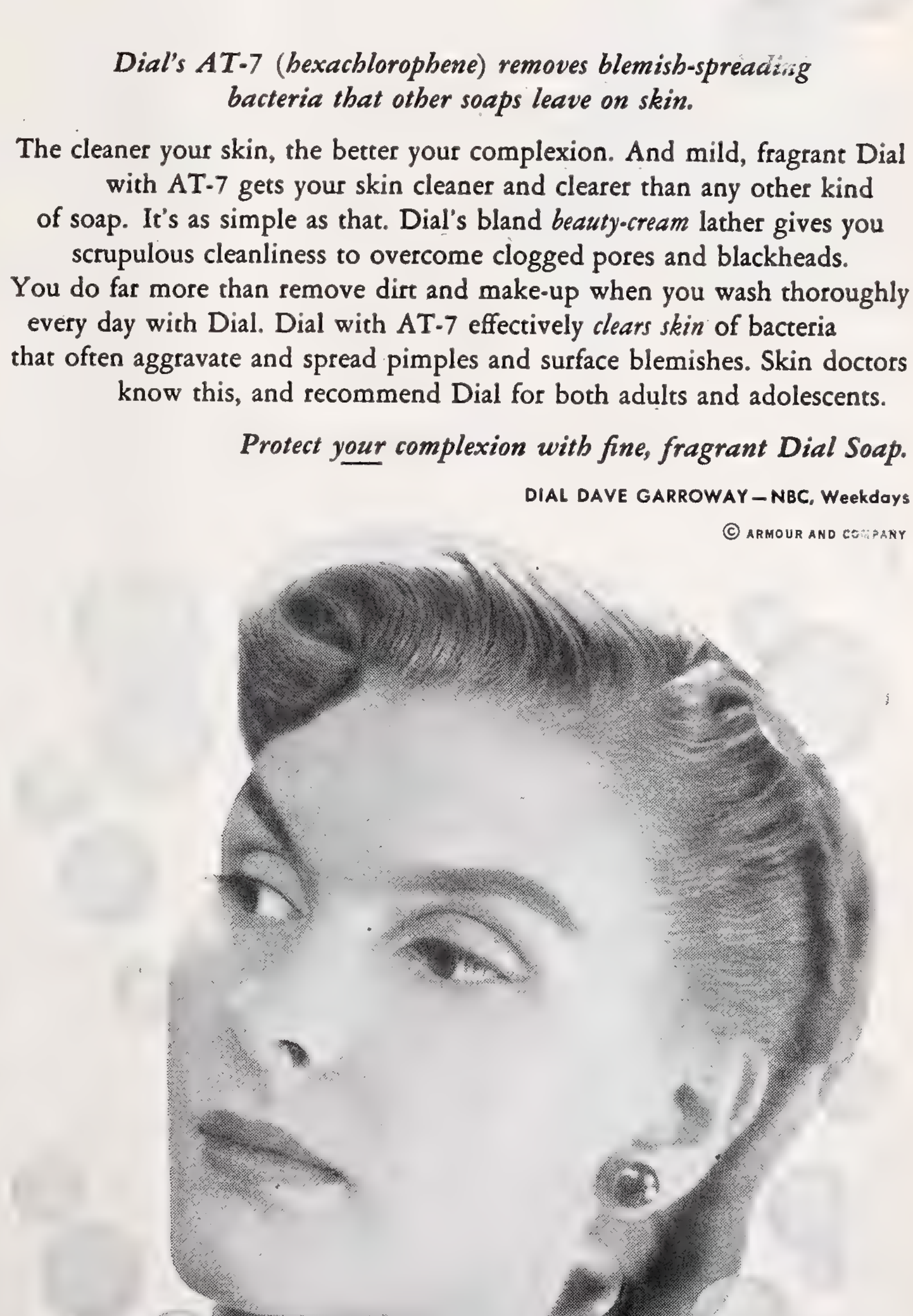
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P

IMPERTINENT INTERVIEW

BY ALINE MOSBY

U.P. Hollywood Correspondent

After Rex Harrison and his beautiful wife Lilli Palmer pulled up stakes nearly three years ago and blew Movieland, he was not remembered in these parts exactly with cheers. For Rex penned an article for a magazine in which he took some sly digs at the land of fat salaries and swimming pools.

After the dust settled, the patriots of the plaster city yelled that "Sexy Rexy" should be ostracized. So when Rex made a grand re-entry into Hollywood, I hustled over to see if he had suffered any horrible snubs, such as not being given the first booth at Romanoff's.

This also was his first trip to Hollywood since the unfortunate suicide by sleeping pills of Carole Landis in July, 1948. Harrison, you will remember, had dated the star while his wife was in New York.

But Rex, it seems, was welcomed back with open arms. He insists it wasn't any feud with Hollywood that kept him and Miss Palmer away. They came back because of "the most interesting roles we've ever attempted." They play the only two people in a movie at Columbia that takes place entirely around a four-poster bed. Rex also indicated he didn't say he'd never return to Hollywood anyway.

"What I said at the end of that article, in summing it up, still holds. I said that there were certain movie directors I'd work for without question. I'd work anywhere I found a good script. I'd like to go on working in Hollywood, Tibet or Timbuktu—anywhere that there is a prospect of making a good picture. That's why I'm here for 'Four Poster.'

"My friends, I like to think, are still my friends," Harrison said. "We've seen a good many on this trip—the Tyrone Powers, the Douglas Fairbankses and the Ronald Colmans."

Since 1948, when they quit Hollywood, they have climbed to the top in other mediums. Rex starred in a Broadway hit "Anne of the Thousand Days." Lilli won acclaim in "Caesar and Cleopatra." They became a famed husband-and-wife acting team when they scored in another stage success, "Bell, Book and Candle." Besides, Mrs. H. goes down in history as one New York TV star who never has resorted to a plunging neckline. They've turned down many movie offers before trekking back for "Four Poster."

"We like being back in Hollywood very much," Harrison smiled.

INSIDE STUFF

Vince Edwards, he played the title role in the New York-made "Mr. Universe." He's Italian, a former Olympic swimming star who looks something like Charlton Heston. He's taller and more muscular than Burt Lancaster. Producer Hal Wallis (who saw him on television and signed him without screen test) is so enthusiastic, Vince gets to play opposite Lizabeth Scott in his first Hollywood movie . . . His name is Ralph Meeker, you saw him first in "Teresa" with Pier Angeli. When M-G-M released the picture—they didn't release him. Currently, he's on loanout to Paramount for Betty Hutton's "Somebody Loves Me." Ralph hails from Broadway's "Mr. Roberts," but this suave smoothie has already found a lasting spot in Hollywood.

Purely Personal: Dear Debbie Reynolds: Cal thinks you're cute as a button and more talented than a barrel full of starlets. But you aren't the girl we like most to sit in back of at previews! You and your two girl friends came in late at the Academy Theatre where private showings are held. You carried bottles of pop that sizzled when you opened them, you chewed gum, crunched corn and you all looked sweeter than honeysuckle in those off-the-shoulder blouses, with your hair piled high. It was kicking those clanking bottles around that really got me down. Next time you sit in front of us, won't you please make with the marshmallows!

For Men Only: Covering the town this month, Cal caught up on some original ideas in male movie star fashions. Gary Merrill, who dresses casually and comfortably, wears plaid wool shorts whenever the occasion permits . . . On him it's very becoming, which is why Van Johnson can wear a pink tie with a yellow jacket . . . The swirling design on Tony Dexter's ties actually, but inconspicuously, spell out his name.

Brief Cases: Artist Paul Clemens has a new model—by the name of Mona Freeman . . . Dale Robertson, who couldn't get inside a studio for years, now can't get out long enough to have a honeymoon . . . John Hudson, who is going places in Hollywood, is going to Hollywood places with Wanda Hendrix.



MOVING INTO the spotlight at premiere of "The Blue Veil" is the glamour gal Jane Russell and RKO director Nick Ray

"Be Lux Lovely..." says Jane Wyman

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"Lux Soap Facials make my skin softer, smoother," Jane Wyman says. "Here's my daily complexion care: First I cream Lux Soap's rich *active* lather well into my skin. Active lather cleanses so gently, but thoroughly, too. I rinse with warm water, then cold."



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SHADOW

✔✔✔ OUTSTANDING
✔✔ GOOD ✔ FAIR



Richard Carlson, Jane Wyman, in tender story of a woman whose mother love finds outlet in others' children

✔✔✔ (F) The Blue Veil (Wald-Krasna-RKO)

WHEN the Academy Award list of "bests" is chosen next spring this film undoubtedly will be among them. And the name of Jane Wyman undoubtedly again will be among the contenders. Tender and true, adhering to realities, "The Blue Veil" tells of a young widow whose baby dies in infancy and who turns to the caring of other people's children as a profession. Jane Wyman plays the governess whose story is told in sequences, each a story in itself, carrying her from home to home, child to child and heart to heart until the circle is completed. Such outstanding performers as Charles Laughton, Joan Blondell, Agnes Moorehead, Richard Carlson, Vivian Vance, Don Taylor and Audrey Totter become part of the life story of the woman who mothers their children for a span of years, thereby becoming a part of their lives forever.

Your Reviewer Says: A superb motion picture.

Program Notes: *When members of the staff and cast were assembled, the roster boasted eight former Academy Award winners; producers Jerry Wald and Norman Krasna, Jane Wyman, Charles Laughton, film editor George Amy, musical director Franz Waxman, still photographer John Miehle and art director Carroll Clark . . . Every item of Jane's clothing, every item of decor and article of furniture, vehicles, toys, etc., remained true to period, which ranged from World War I to the present time . . . Wave after wave of infants and their stand-ins, permitted to work only two hours a day, twenty minutes at a time, brought with them an avalanche of mothers, registered nurses and Welfare workers as required by law. The older children with their stand-ins were placed under the supervision of Harold Minniear, RKO resident teacher who had never before faced so vast a moppet assignment . . . Jane's scenes as an older woman demanded her presence in the make-up department each morning at five. With luck she was home each evening by eight. Academy Awards are won, it appears again, by long hours of hard work.*



The West—and Howard Keel—goes wild when Esther Williams, Red Skelton invade Texas in gay cowboy musical

✔✔ (F) Texas Carnival (M-G-M)

A COWBOY musical! And look at the names! Red Skelton, Esther Williams, Howard Keel, Paula Raymond, Ann Miller and Keenan Wynn. A regular round-up of talent against a Texas background. The story itself is not exactly an oil well of originality, but it's a darned good show and a real cheerer-upper. Red plays a down-and-out carnival barker and Esther his hit-and-dunk-her partner. Driving millionaire Keenan Wynn's car (left stranded at the carnival) to a swanky Texas resort, Red is mistaken for the tycoon and Esther for his sister. Going along with the error until they can meet up with Keenan, the pair live in style until the inevitable happens. Esther, of course, falls for ranch foreman Keel and a big fat vice versa. Red is completely taken over by vivacious Ann Miller. Red's clowning is hilarious and if Keenan isn't the funniest screen drunk, who is?

Your Reviewer Says: Yippee!

Program Notes: *The stars at night are big and bright all because everything is Technicolor-grand deep in the heart of this gay Texas musical. The songs are lively and catchy mainly because Dorothy Fields and Harry Warren wrote them especially for the film . . . Esther, who has probably swum the ocean over and back again if all those swimming scenes of hers were laid end to end, loved the idea of her fantasy swim and has asked M-G-M not to reveal its technical secret. After shooting was over for the day, Esther drove over to the restaurant she and Ben Gage own to see how things were going . . . Red was all excited about his trip to England with a Palladium stopover which now we can report was a howling success . . . Howard was informed by his studio that his deluge of mail had placed him among the top three stars on the lot and with only two pictures to his credit.*

For Complete Casts of Current Pictures See Page 96. For Best Pictures of the Month and

STAGE

BY SARA HAMILTON

F—FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY
A—FOR ADULTS



Kirk Douglas, Eleanor Parker in tense story of crime and punishment and a man trapped by devotion to duty

✓✓✓ (A) Detective Story (Paramount)

THE scene is the 21st Precinct police station in midtown Manhattan. The motivating story force is the relentless, psychological drive on the part of Detective Kirk Douglas against any degree of leniency or understanding. The ugliness of this way station for derelicts, crackpots and degenerates, plus the spiritual desolation of this man's heart, combine to make this a motion picture of force and intensity. There is the shoplifter, Lee Grant, who steals scene after scene, injecting laughter into the proceedings. There is the bewildered young embezzler, Craig Hill, and his friend, Cathy O'Donnell, who cannot prevail against Douglas's determination to prosecute. There is the pair of "cat" burglars, Joseph Wiseman and Michael Strong, who add an odd sort of eerie hilarity to the proceedings. But it's Douglas's year-long effort to nail George MacReady, a shady doctor, into whose coils the detective's wife, Eleanor Parker, is finally dragged, that proves his undoing. Horace McMahon, William Bendix and Warner Anderson are outstanding.

Your Reviewer Says: Terrific!

Program Notes: *Kirk Douglas hied himself off to the Sombrero Theatre in Phoenix, Arizona, to play the part of* Detective James McLeod *on the stage before facing the camera. Previously, Douglas and director William Wyler had visited New York to see the play and visit the 16th Precinct to talk with detectives there. (There is no 21st Precinct in New York, incidentally) . . . Five members of the original Broadway cast, Horace McMahon, Lee Grant, Joseph Wiseman, Michael Strong, James Maloney, were brought to Hollywood to play their stage roles . . . Eleanor Parker and Cathy O'Donnell wore inconspicuous street clothes and street make-up. Director Wyler was determined that nothing be off key to mar the realistic unprettiness of the story.*



Oskar Werner, Gary Merrill, Richard Basehart in spine-tingling story of men facing the hazards of a spy's life

✓✓ (A) Decision Before Dawn (20th Century-Fox)

THE novel, "Call It Treason," has been choppily translated to the screen with the actual chase and spy trapping scenes much too long in coming. It deals with German prisoners of World War II who, for personal reasons, consent to spy against their country. Among them is a sensitive lad, Oskar Werner, whose reasons are idealistic, and a tougher, more realistic specimen, Hans Christian Blech. The outfit employing this type service is headed by American Colonel Gary Merrill and is hidden away in a convent near Marmoutiers. To this outfit comes Lieut. Richard Basehart for orders which takes him and Blech into the very heart of Germany during the fiercest raids. For long periods of action, both Basehart and Merrill are completely out of the story, which then follows the exploits of Werner and his hazardous journey through his own country.

Your Reviewer Says: There must be a simpler way to tell such an exciting story.

Program Notes: *Bette Davis, still a bride, was called upon to say goodbye to her new husband, Gary Merrill, who flew to the European location along with actor Richard Basehart and director Anatole Litvak . . . On the other side Richard fell in love and secretly married actress Valentina Cortesa whom he later brought back to Hollywood . . . Two thousand miles throughout the French and American zones of occupation were traversed by part of the cast and crew during the shooting . . . The Eberbach cloister where Merrill was quartered is over 800 years old. At times Merrill felt the same age, especially when the chill of a bombed country crept through the damp walls. Hildegarde Neff, as well as many prominent European actors, were anxious and willing to play bits or minor roles in the story.*

Best Performances See Page 90. For Brief Reviews of Current Pictures See Page 20



✓½ (A) The Raging Tide (U-I)

ONCE again comes the regeneration story—a bad man with a good side who needed tender concern—or thought he did—to go straight. The story moves heavily toward its ultimate end with Richard Conte, Shelley Winters, Stephen McNally, Charles Bickford and Alex Nicol plodding waist deep in an almost stationary plot. The story opens with Conte shooting away at an unseen victim and then seeking refuge in a fishing boat owned by Charles Bickford and his son Alex Nicol. Bickford, unaware that Conte is a murderer, agrees to take on Conte as an extra hand. Seeing the son has the makings of a smart racketeer, Conte employs him to collect from his slot-machine racket while he hides out on the boat. Finally, resenting the boy's unkindness to his father, Conte whales Alex to within an inch of his life. In retaliation Alex steals Conte's girl, Shelley, while Detective Lieut. Stephen McNally tries through Shelley to find Conte.

Your Reviewer Says: Slow to get almost nowhere.

Program Notes: *Author Ernest K. Gann not only wrote the script from his book, but acted as technical adviser on all San Francisco settings. He even doubled for Conte in a long shot . . . Alex Nicol, who understudied Henry Fonda in Broadway's "Mr. Roberts," decided to cast his lot henceforth with Hollywood by buying a San Fernando ranch house . . . Virus broke out among the cast with both Bickford and Shelley laid low. For the actual storm scenes 800-gallon spill buckets poured almost ten tons of water onto the set to simulate giant waves, almost drowning the male cast. Still want to be in movies?*

✓✓½ (F) When Worlds Collide (Paramount)

DOOMSDAY! An earth-shattering planet approaches us at full speed! There is no escape! No help! No refuge! Ah, but Hollywood has thought of a way. It has built a modern Noah's Ark—rocket-style—where the animals go in two by two and forty-three lucky people climb in for a successful landing on another planet. Richard Derr plays the handsome aviator who flies the secret information to scientist Larry Keating in New York, who places the matter before the League of Nations. Finally, students are recruited from every branch of learning and work on the rocket begins. The day before take-off a drawing is held to determine the lucky passengers. Barbara Rush plays the girl Derr loves and Peter Hanson plays his rival. The spectacular effects are tremendous and the idea eerie and fear-y.

Your Reviewer Says: Ten bucks to anyone who can get me on that rocket.

Program Notes: *George Pal, the producer of "Destination Moon" takes on another science-fiction drama that required the special effects department of Paramount to flood completely a deserted New York City, produce an earthquake, a tidal wave and construct a rocket ship that takes off horizontally. Paramount cops flew around like headless chickens when the helicopter, used in the film, landed squarely in the middle of the Paramount lot. The driver, it seems, had no pass and no one enters those gates without a pass, see.*

✓✓½ (F) Behave Yourself (Wald-Krasna-RKO)

SHELLEY WINTERS and Farley Granger in a ridiculously funny story about a missing dog, gangs of hoodlums, murders galore and a nagging mother-in-law. The

(*Continued on page* 30)

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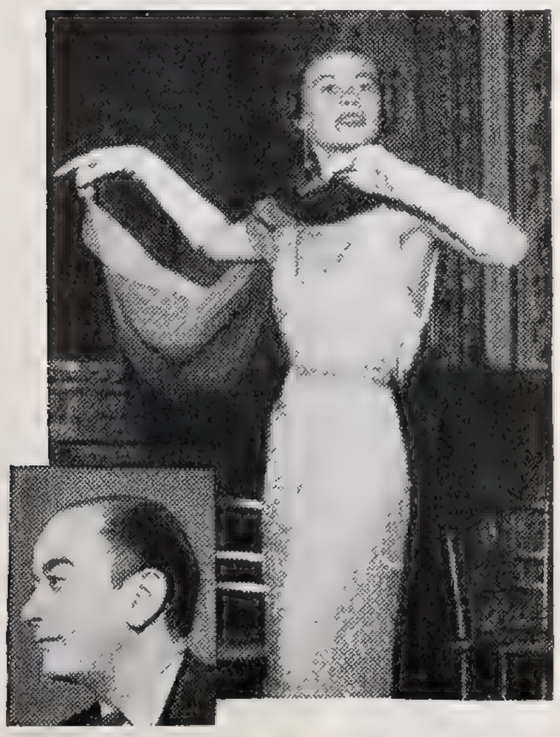


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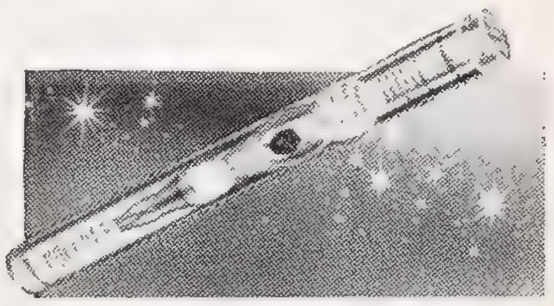


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(*Continued from page 28*)

teaming of Shelley and Farley may prove a publicity coup but in our opinion it is not the best possible casting. However, the picture is a romp from beginning to end. The dog, that motivates the plot, has been trained by one set of hoodlums to guide another set to something or other never quite clear to the audience. Farley gets into it when the dog escapes and follows him home. Shelley, his wife, thinking the dog an anniversary present, takes it to her heart. Farley's attempts to return the dog to its owner without Shelley finding out brings on complications frustrating and ludicrous. William Demarest, Lon Chaney, Margalo Gillmore and Frances L. Sullivan mess around the plot to their vast sorrow.

Your Reviewer Says: High class buffoonery.

Program Notes: *RKO studio suddenly took on life and zip when Shelley and Farley got going with their uninhibited behavior. And that incongruous team of bad men, hard-boiled Sheldon Leonard and soft-voiced ex-schoolteacher Marvin Kaplan, kept the crew in stitches. In fact a radio show is being written for the comically mismated pair and another film is in the offing . . . Archie, the dog, has been signed by producers Wald and Krasna for "Darling, I Love You."*

✓ (A) Bannerline (M-G-M)

HERE comes that brash young reporter again; that spirited cub whose "daring" and "courage" inspire the townsfolk to wipe out racketeer J. Carrol Naish who, unfortunately, seems the liveliest and most likable character in the whole blooming burg. Keefe Brasselle is the reporter who has been inspired by his history teacher, Lionel Barrymore, to precipitate action against Naish. But only when Keefe is beaten to a pulp by hoodlums do the local citizens at last get tough. Lewis Stone plays a has-been newspaperman who helps Keefe. Sally Forrest plays a young schoolteacher and Spring Byington her mother.

Your Reviewer Says: Surely not again!

Program Notes: *Lionel Barrymore adored his role of ailing history professor because all his scenes called for the veteran actor to be comfortably ensconced in bed . . . J. Carrol Naish, an Irishman and Hollywood's most prolific character actor, says if he were called upon to play an Irishman, he probably couldn't make the role convincing . . . Young Brasselle has come a long way in the past year carrying leads with easy nonchalance—apparently. Keefe claims he's always really scared to death . . . Sally Forrest is delighted with the way her acting career has turned out since she gave up teaching dance routines at M-G-M. Sally has done four movies in a row and has four more lined up.*

✓½ (F) Across the Wide Missouri (M-G-M)

CLARK GABLE goes Western all the way in this—becoming a "squaw man" and a devoted one. Like a single chapter from a book, with so much past and future left untold, the story stands out as a little gem of Technicolor beauty and drama. Gable plays a rugged, fearless trapper way back in the early eighties when the West was raw, tough and beautiful. With John Hodiak as rival, Gable wins the beautiful Indian girl, Maria Elena Marques, as his bride. His reasons for marriage are selfish. Maria, he realizes, can lead him into the best beaver-trapping country in the West. But Gable grows to love the wife who gives him a son, born deep in the rugged country of hostile Indians. When the *Chief* is killed by one of Gable's men, the hatred of the *Chief's* son, Ricardo Montalban, is

(*Continued on page 32*)



Rough, dry skin. "A friend suggested Noxzema for my rough, dry skin and it helped immensely," says Wannah Lee of Kansas City, Mo. "Now, I use it every day—and as my powder base and night cream—to help keep my skin looking smooth!"

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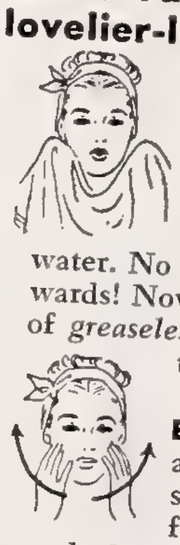
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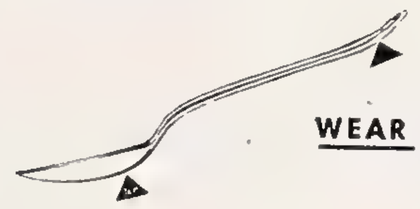
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P

(*Continued from page 30*)

roused against the intruders. J. Carrol Naish, Adolphe Menjou and Alan Napier complete the cast.

Your Reviewer Says: Love midst nature's beauty.

Program Notes: *A special tent city was erected in some of the West's most spectacular and solitary country for the 200 members of the cast and crew who were flown to Durango, Colorado, in chartered planes. Location sites ranging from 9,000 to 14,000 feet were selected by Director William Wellman, many of them scened where Mountain Men of over a hundred years ago trapped beaver, fought ambush and helped open the entire West . . . Maria Elena Marques was flown from Mexico to play the Indian girl after thirteen other girls had been tested.*

(F) The Son of Dr. Jekyll (Columbia)

IT was bound to happen! That scientist gentleman, *Dr. Jekyll*, who transformed himself into the monstrous *Mr. Hyde*, left a son—according to this movie—to carry on the 'orrible 'appenings of old Lunnon town. Louis Hayward plays the son, who is determined to reveal his father as a scientist eager to help humanity rather than a murdering fiend. The newspapers, however, make young *Jekyll* an object of ridicule and one or two others plot to put him out of business. It's a silly bit of business, anyway.

Your Reviewer Says: Wait 'til they get to the old boy's grandson!

Program Notes: *To get himself in shape for this one, Louis Hayward practiced jumping from a fifty-foot tower into a safety net as preparation for a scene which, for some reason, was never shot. In the laboratory scenes, Hayward was constantly grabbing the wrong powders and potions and in one instance concocted a brew that fumed suds all over the set . . . Laid in London, the film employed an all-British cast, with the exception of Jody Lawrence, who plays Hayward's fiancee.*

✓ (F) The Lady Pays Off (U-I)

THIS tale deals with the schoolteacher of the year, Linda Darnell, who wants to be loved for herself. Hitherto men have seen only the "mother" in her and Linda resents it. Then she heads for a Reno vacation, meets Stephen McNally, owner of a gambling club, loses $7,000 at roulette and is forced to pay off—his way. Steve's way is caring for his young daughter, Gigi Perreau, who needs a mother's love. Of course, the inevitable happens. Steve grows to love Linda, with Gigi, between prayers and pranks, acting as Cupid. Virginia Field plays Steve's old flame and Ann Codee is the French housekeeper.

Your Reviewer Says: A real cornball.

Program Notes: *An enormous pain sent Steve McNally home from the studio and straight into the hospital where his complaining appendix was removed. Shooting came to a halt while the patient recovered . . . The Carmel house of McNally's in the film is a typically California resort home with a raised fireplace three feet above the floor and extending into the living room as part of the furnishings. The studio claims the house can be duplicated by any builder for $20,000. Wanna bet? . . . This is Miss Darnell's first film as a free lancer and her first since her separation from husband Pev Marley. Linda brought her three-year-old Lola to the studio to meet Gigi. Lola grew so attached to the toys used in the story, Linda had to duplicate them for the child's own room.*

(*Continued on page 34*)

The Lovable Girl-of-the-Month



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(*Continued from page* 32)

✓½ (A) Come Fill the Cup (Warners)

"COME Fill the Cup" proposes a message, that of an alcoholic's attempt to resist the fatal first drink. The story follows the zigzag pattern of drunken footsteps, weaving from side to side, backtracking and limping forward for two hours. Jimmy Cagney plays the newspaperman who loses both his job and his girl, Phyllis Thaxter, through drink. Aided by another reformed victim, James Gleason, Jimmy gets back on his feet, regains his job but not his girl, who has married Gig Young, nephew of newspaper tycoon Raymond Massey. When Young becomes an alcoholic, Massey summons Cagney to put the lad on his feet. Mexican singer Charlita involves Young in gangster brawls and finally an accident.

Your Reviewer Says: Too much story for one picture.

Program Notes: *Jimmy Cagney celebrated twenty years in movies while making this film—twenty years since Jimmy shoved that unforgettable grapefruit into Mae Clark's face in "Public Enemy" . . .* Nameless, *the part-Collie, part-sheepdog, was discovered by a Warner Brothers' talent scout while the dog was doing tricks in front of Schwab's famous drugstore in Hollywood . . . The minute her last scene was filmed, Phyllis Thaxter, with her five-year-old daughter, Susan Aubrey, flew to Portland, Maine, for a family reunion with her parents, Judge and Mrs. Sidney Thaxter.*

(F) Cave of Outlaws (U-I)

HOW busy is this little "B" with characters flitting in and out the Carlsbad Caverns in search of gold which outlaws hid there in 1880. Fifteen years later, Macdonald Carey, who had been imprisoned as one of the gang while still a boy, is released from prison and heads for the caverns to find the gold. In the meantime he helps Alexis Smith reopen her newspaper, thereby reaping the enmity of his rival, Victor Jory.

Your Reviewer Says: The whole thing collapses.

Program Notes: *Naturally everyone concerned trooped off to the Carlsbad Caverns in southeast New Mexico, locale of the story. Work within the cave usually began at four in the afternoon due to the rush of daytime sightseers. At midnight the company called a halt and had a midnight snack in the underground restaurant . . . Due to working most of the time at 750 feet below sea level, Carey and Alexis wore heavy flannel underwear under their "gay 'ninety" garb.*

✓✓½ (A) The Lavender Hill Mob (Rank-U.A.)

FOR drollery and easy flowing humor that erupts at times into explosive hilarity you just can't beat this English film. It's sheer delight all the way, made so by the artistry of Alec Guinness and his talented cohorts, Stanley Holloway, Sidney James and Alfie Bass. Guinness plays a meek employee of the Bank of England. He supervises gold deliveries from the refinery to the Bank. His well-concealed ambition of stealing the gold and living somewhere in luxury materializes when he meets up with Stanley Holloway, owner of a curio company. With the aid of two professional crooks, the pair succeed in stealing the gold. But alas, there's a hitch at the last moment and the police car chase that ensues is side splitting.

Your Reviewer Says: A British riot.

(*Continued on page* 90)



"YOU KNOW HOW RAW WEATHER CHAPS SKIN. I SPENT A WHOLE DAY, IN THE ICY RAIN, MAKING THIS SCENE FOR 'RED MOUNTAIN' . . .



LATER, I had to fire blanks 'til my hands were fiery red . . .



AND CLAWING this sandy floor was rough on my hands again...



BUT I USED Jergens Lotion to soothe my hands and face . . .



SO THEY were wonderfully smooth for romantic close-ups.



AT HOME, Jergens Lotion is my head-to-toe beauty secret."



BEING LIQUID, Jergens is absorbed by thirsty skin . . .

CAN YOUR LOTION OR HAND CREAM PASS THIS "FILM TEST"?

To soften, a lotion or hand cream should be absorbed by the upper layers of the skin. Jergens Lotion contains quickly-absorbed ingredients that doctors recommend — no heavy oils that merely coat the skin. Proof? Water won't "bead" on a hand smoothed with Jergens Lotion as with a lotion or hand cream that leaves a heavy, oily film.

YOU CAN PROVE it with this simple test described above . . .

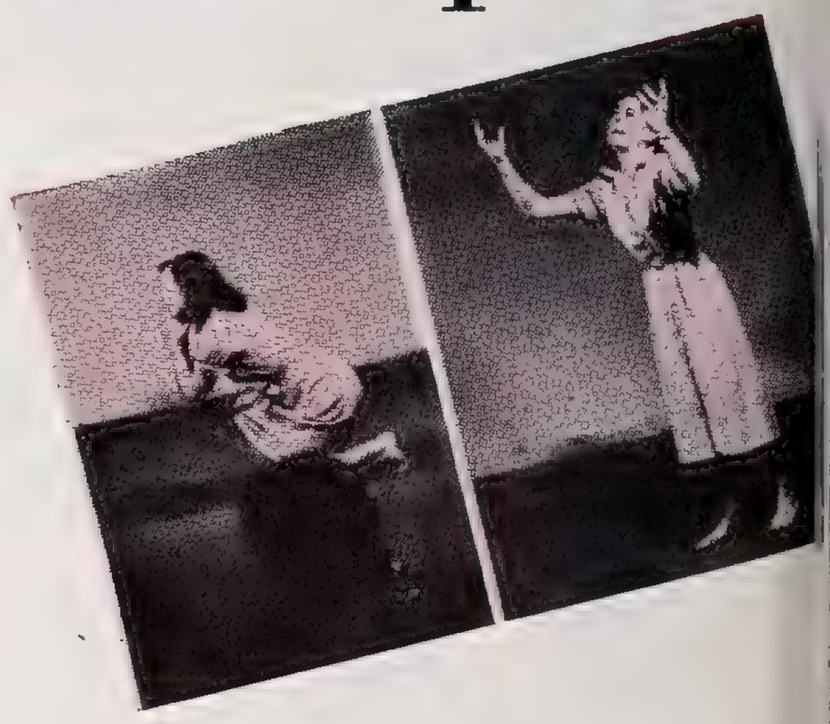


SEE WHY Hollywood stars prefer Jergens Lotion 7-to-1!

presenting the

WINNER

of the Photoplay scholarship contest



BY KATHERINE PEDELL

JUDGES, rear, Bette Davis and Stanley Kramer; Lyle Rooks, Joe Mankiewicz, Bill Holden. Right, Charles Prickett of the Playhouse reads contestants' names



PHOTOPLAY'S nation-wide search for the best of America's undiscovered talent is over. Virginia McGuire, twenty-one, from Bridgeport, Conn., won the two-year scholarship to the Pasadena Playhouse. At the final audition at Pasadena, Virginia took all honors just as she did last August at the New York preliminaries. The search for talent, which sifted through hundreds of applicants, had penetrated communities large and small before Virginia McGuir Joyce McLeod of Providenc Rhode Island; and Rachel Mendlovitz of New Braunfe Texas, were selected to mal the trip to California as Ph toplay's guests.

The night of the auditior Bill Holden, one of the judge sat quietly in the audienc The trial about to be stag was an emotional one f him. Twelve years ago, this very same theatre, h chance had come. Bette Dav looked intently about he



LEFT, winner Virginia McGuire. Inset, scene from "The Trojan Woman" that won her the two-year scholarship.



ABOVE, Joyce McLeod, Virginia, Rachelle Mendlovitz, in Playhouse dormitory. Below, Virginia, Joyce guest on Bob and Kay WENR-TV Show in Chicago

Virginia McGuire of Connecticut—the judges' unanimous choice as scholarship winner—is on her way as a student at Pasadena Playhouse

Joseph Mankiewicz, director of Academy Award winner, "All About Eve," Stanley Kramer, producer of "The Men" and Lyle Rooks, Photoplay's Western Editor, reflected the solemnity of the occasion. The Playhouse staff waited impatiently to judge.

Backstage, the girls drew lots to determine their order of appearance. Joyce McLeod was first. She enacted a scene from a play she had written, the same scene (*Continued on page* 101)

It's 20th Century Fox's 14 Carat, 13 Song, 48 State Salute To The Golden Girl of The Golden West!



They wrote her name in lights and paved her way in gold from Broadway to Californ-i-ay! The lilting life and loves of the one and only Lotta Crabtree!

Produced by GEORGE JESSEL · Directed by LLOYD BACON · Screen Play by WALTER BULLOCK, CHARLES O'NEAL and GLADYS LEHMAN

From a Story by ALBERT and ARTHUR LEWIS and EDWARD THOMPSON

THEIR RULES FOR ROMANCE

BY RUTH WATERBURY



COVER GIRL

"The most important rule in a romance is not to be a liar," Tony Curtis said.

Janet Leigh, across the table from Tony, didn't smile. On the subject of love she is much too earnest for any frivolity. They both are unaffectedly sincere: this tall, dark, blue-eyed and intense boy, this tall, slim,

(*Continued on page 84*)

Janet and Tony used their heads to keep that love light burning

PHOTOGRAPH BY ORNITZ-FINK



ENGSTEAD



ENGSTEAD

PHOTOPLAY **F**EATURE ATTRACTION

the 12 most beautiful

LOOK MAGAZINE

What do they have that makes them outstanding in a town full of beauties? Hollywood photographers give their reasons for voting these girls the most beautiful of all

BY VICKY RILEY





BLACKWELL JR.

women in Hollywood

WHO are the twelve most beautiful women in Hollywood?

Quite a question, that!

To list the most beautiful in a town world-famous for its beauties would be a poser—even if beauty were the fixed quality it so definitely isn't, every eye, in truth, forming its own beauty.

Obviously this was a matter for a jury to decide so that every choice would be a reflection of many opinions.

For a jury we chose the Hollywood photographers. We reasoned that if a star is a beauty to those who see her through the revealing lens of a camera as she stands under searching lights then, by Venus and Aphrodite, she *is* a beauty!

The ballots, on which first, second and third choices were listed, were secret—so that no man would feel that, for political reasons, he should vote either for a star under contract to his studio or a star who gave him business.

(For the record, our jury consisted of Bert Six of Warner Brothers, Robert Coburn of Columbia, Gene Kornmann of Twentieth Century-Fox, Ray Jones of Universal-International, Ernest Bachrach of RKO, Clarence S. Bull of M-G-M, John Engstead, Carlyle Blackwell Jr., Sterling Smith, Nat Dallinger, Don Ornitz, Tom Kelly, L. Willinger and Photoplay's Hymie Fink.)

These men, outstanding in their profes-

FINK AND SMITH



SIX




MONA FREEMAN


SUSAN HAYWARD


LORETTA YOUNG


RITA HAYWOR


MARLENE DIETRICH


DEBORAH KER

"BEAUTY IS SOMETHING OVER AND ABOVE SHEER PHYSICAL PERFECTION"

the 12 most beautiful women in hollywood

sion, were definite always, not only in their selections but in their reasons for their selections. Which brings us to the final results—so provocative that they are, currently, Hollywood's favorite conversation piece.

The twelve most beautiful women in Hollywood, in the order of our experts' selections, are:

1. Ava Gardner, 2. Ann Blyth, 3. Elizabeth Taylor, 4. Arlene Dahl, 5. Linda Darnell, 6. Joan Crawford, 7. Mona Freeman, 8. Loretta Young, 9. Marlene Dietrich, 10. Susan Hayward, 11. Rita Hayworth, 12. Deborah Kerr.

Ava Gardner received the greatest number of votes. And, in every instance, those who chose her placed her first or second. Besides her "smoldering vitality and intensity," the jury listed "the symmetry of her features and her glorious coloring."

One photographer said, "Ava's progress from the frightened, aggressive; awkward girl who arrived in Hollywood ten years ago to a woman with poise, many interests and understanding is reflected in the tender lines of her mouth and the lights in her greenish eyes. An insatiable curiosity to find out what makes things tick, which has led her into many strange corners, animates her features, vitalizes her beauty."

Those who listed Ann Blyth talked about other things:

"Ann has flawless facial attributes," said one photographer, "but it is something beyond her bone structure and her exquisite dusky coloring that makes her a great beauty—an inner spiritual beauty which illumines her face."

Another said, "Ann symbolizes the dream of all of us. She personifies everything that girls of her age want to be. She is the girl boys desire for a wife And she is the girl parents want for a daughter."

Elizabeth Taylor was chosen as often as Ann but she ranked lower on the lists. She also evoked the most contradictory sentiments. One photographer merely listed her name, obviously feeling that her beauty needed no explanation. Two other comments were, "Exciting, worldly beauty," and "The family type, faintly dusted with Hollywood glamour."

Arlene Dahl, it was agreed, does not possess one bad photographic angle. "For physical perfection of face," one of our jury said, "Arlene cannot be topped." All stressed her divine coloring. It was, unquestionably, reading the ballots, because Arlene lacks the physical excitement of Ava, the inner radiance of Ann and the provocative qualities of Elizabeth—because, in other words, her beauty is not especially animated by personality—that she did not rank even higher than fourth.

Linda Darnell, on the other hand, comes into fifth place largely because her dramatic nature is reflected in her face. As one photographer said, "Linda can look angelic or devilish, depending on her mood."

Joan Crawford has beautiful bones. On this score all were in accord. However, Joan qualified with the gentlemen of our jury largely because of her self-dramatization, because "she knows exactly what to do about herself—and, more important, does it." As one ballot read, "It is inevitable Joan will remain an all-time symbol of Hollywood glamour. She should be an inspiration to every woman—to do something exciting about herself!"

Mona Freeman's beauty is delicate, with a Dresden china quality. But she (*Continued on page* 78)


1

MITZI GAYNOR bounces from "Friendly Island" to star role with Dale Robertson in "Golden Girl"

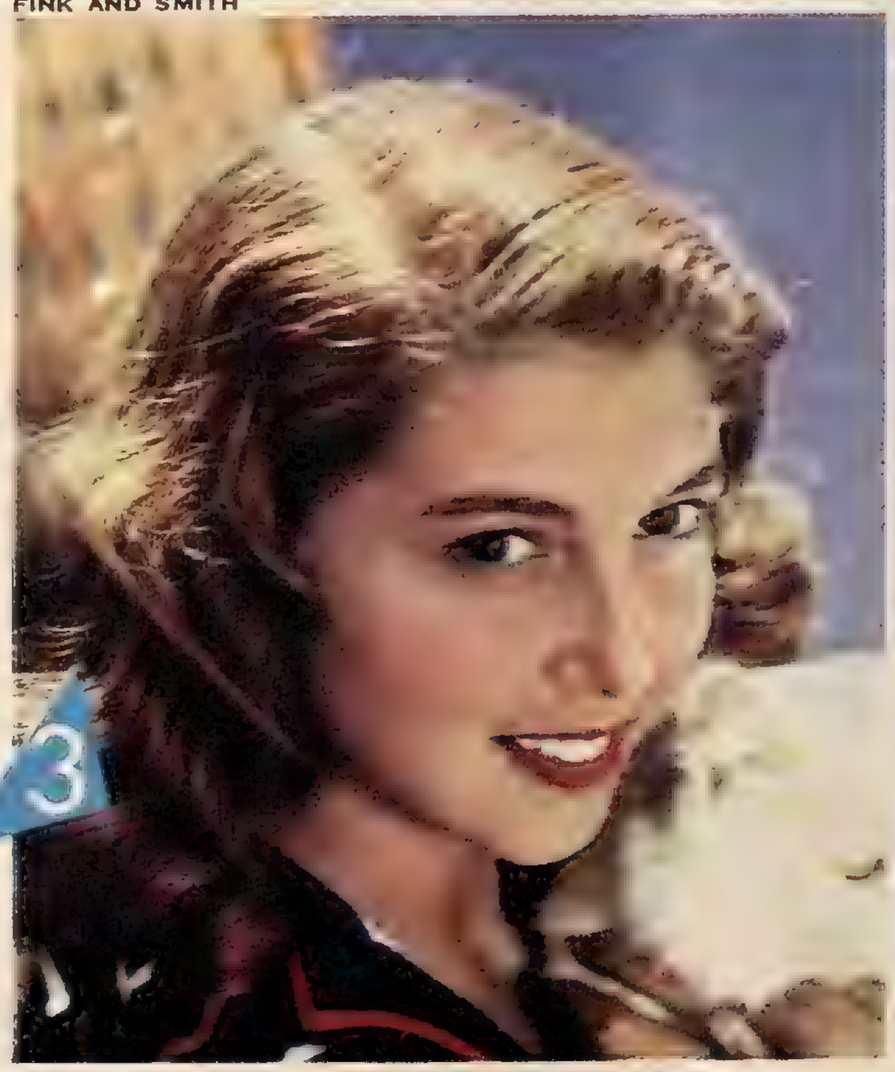
JANICE RULE, who danced from Broadway to Hollywood, now has chance to soar in "Starlift"


2

PIER ANGELI will work overtime, with four pictures scheduled. Next, "The Light Touch"

MONICA LEWIS, far right, plays herself—a popular singer and recording star—in "The Strip"

FINK AND SMITH


3

ENGSTEAD

SIX


4

ORNITZ

When you pick them, Hollywood producers sit up and take notice! Here are their

YOU CHOSE THESE STARS

BY MAXINE ARNOLD

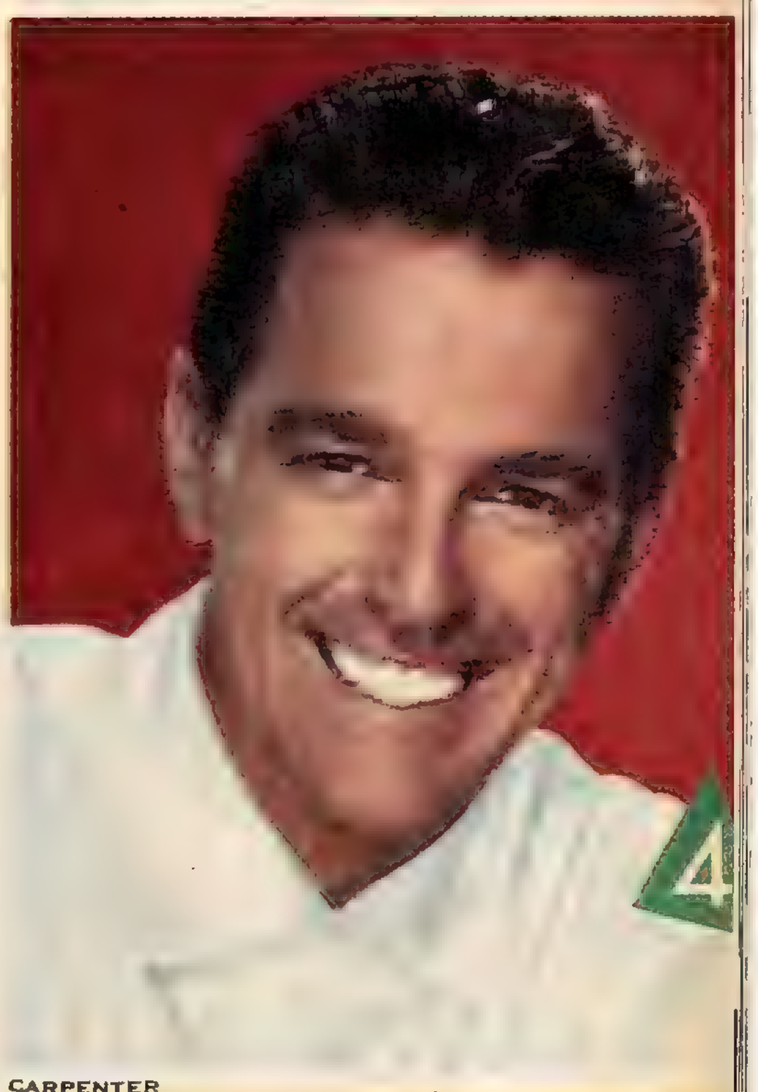
MAKE way for the winners! For your stars of tomorrow are well on their respective ways today.

Mitzi Gaynor, your number one choice in the "Choose Your Star" Contest and Twentieth Century-Fox's new "zing" girl, an irrepressible blonde with laughing, slanting blue eyes and dancing feet, is climbing all the faster through strong roles which were planned for Betty Grable—when Betty went on suspension. Mitzi is going to need every bit of bounce and every stray vitamin for the future the studio now plans for her. Following her starring role in "Golden Girl" with Dale Robertson, she gets the role of Eva Tanguay, the "I Don't Care" girl, one of the studio's biggest budget musicals of the year.

(*Continued on page* 87)

STUDIO IS shopping for big stories for Gower Champion and wife Marge

DREAMBOAT Robert Wagner, at bottom, is Claudette Colbert's son in his next picture, "Let's Make It Legal"



IF TONY DEXTER yields to studio and public he'll do "The Sheik." Now in "The Brigand"

ORNITZ

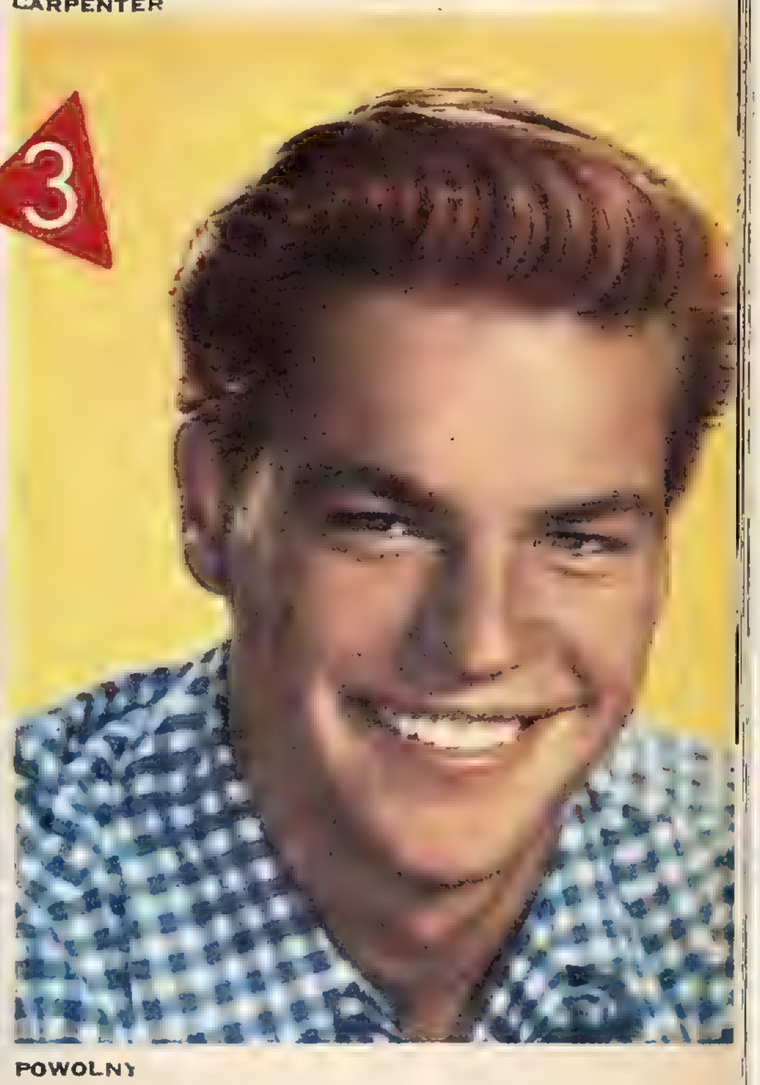


JEFFREY HUNTER, after "Red Skies of Montana," will be rushed into two more films



POWOLNY

CARPENTER



POWOLNY

wonderful plans for the "Choose Your Star" winners

Her romances were legion,

her mistakes many.

But her glamour never failed to

intrigue you. Now

Rita's back and trying

to be—the girl she thinks

her public wants

SHOULD RITA CHANGE?



RITA, Princess Yasmine, Rebecca



WHEN Rita married Orson Welles, public applauded the love match. And forgave her when they finally parted

BY LIZA WILSON

WHEN Rita Hayworth came back to Hollywood, after the customary six weeks in Nevada, she, with her two daughters, Rebecca and Yasmine (with an "e," says Rita) and an entourage of three, holed up in a bungalow at the Beverly Hills Hotel—and dropped the Iron Curtain on the Hollywood press. Her entourage consisted of Suzanne, her personal maid; Winifred Barry, governess for the children; and Domingo, whom she calls "My Man Sunday" because Domingo means Sunday. Domingo has been with Rita since her early marriage to Eddie Judson. He serves (*Continued on page* 93)



IT WAS first husband Ed Judson, who taught Rita that lovely clothes, being seen in night clubs was good publicity



JUDSON'S campaign paid off. Rita, now one of Hollywood's most glamorous stars, intrigued the public with her romances after her divorce from Judson. Most spectacular was Vic Mature, shown with Rita, Jack Benny



FREE again, Rita wasn't alone for long. But Tony Martin, like the rest, was just a night-club romance

NOW she's parted from Aly Khan, Rita's done an about-face—stays close to home





STEVE CRANE took Rita to gay places she loved. Above, with Gene Tierney











BY GLADYS HALL



our CHRISTMAS CARDS will find you out





DID you ever dream that your Christmas cards tell tales on you? Well, they do. . . If, for instance, you, like Anne Baxter and John Hodiak, choose a big, generous, obust kind of Santa Claus card, chances are you are (according to Luther E. Voodward, Ph.D., Consultant of the National Mental Health Association) essentially a friendly, outgoing uninhibited person. Happy, too.

To you, Dr. Woodward points out, the Santa Claus figure is a symbol of the fullness of life and the "pleasures of the esh," and you take delight in them.

You put value in the big dinner, the exchange of gifts, the warmth of the family gathering, the glittering tree. You really enjoy giving and sharing (being ormal, you like to (*Continued on page* 74)

You can't hide a thing about your-

self, say the psychologists. Everything

you do reveals you—the way these

Christmas cards reveal the stars who sent them

SINCE BETTY HUTTON'S broken engagement to Norman Krasna, she bounces from date to date. Right, with Pete Rugolo

ANN SHERIDAN and Steve Hannagan, below, are back where they parted, now Jeff Chandler and his wife have reconciled





GREG BAUTZER and Joan Crawford were so in love—then once again the handsome lawyer went his bachelor way



It's the ones who got away who have

these glamour gals reeling on their romance line

They COULDN'T get their man

BY SHEILAH GRAHAM



FRIENDS SAY Barbara Stanwyck was never more in love with Bob Taylor than on the day she told him he could be free



VERA-ELLEN'S reported romance with agent A. C. Lyles has Hollywood wondering what happened to her engagement to Rock Hudson



PETER LAWFORD'S gallant attentions to Sharman Douglas lasted over a year—but never reached the marrying stage

DO you sometimes sit all alone by the telephone waiting for the ring that never comes? Do you ever wonder if those ads refer to *you* because the man you love doesn't love you? Do you get excited buying a new dress, then realize you have no special guy to wear it for? Are you longing to be married but he won't propose? If the answer is "Yes" to any of these questions, you can take some small comfort in the fact that you are in very good company. An amazing number of Hollywood's topmost glamorous movie actresses are in the same unhappy boat. They just can't land their man. Or keep him when he's hooked.

When Yul Brynner, of "The King and I" and the sensation of New York, parted from his wife, the former Virginia Gilmore, the smart-aleck set in New York said, "Ah ha, it's because of (*Continued on page* 82)

Now Shelley's on top of the world! But in the past there were many times when only the Winters' bounce lifted her out of the low spots

AT Thomas Jefferson High in Brooklyn, demon reporter Shelley Winters went after news with a bang! She edited school paper





WHILE still at High, she got a job at the Five and Dime. At first she worked behind the candy counter—but her employers decided Shelley was too expensive—she ate up all the profits!



SHE TOOK job as model to pay for evening dramatic courses. The first day she tripped on her long gown—fell flat on her face. But agency didn't fire her, she says



SHE SPENT every spare moment haunting the theatres. Soon her flaming determination to succeed paid off—she was given singing-acting role on Broadway in the stage play "Conquest in April"



OTHER roles won her Columbia contract and minor parts in pictures. Feeling she was in a rut, Shelley asked for release. For a year she freelanced. The going was rough!

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ORNITZ

• From the time she appeared as the tragic waitress in Ronald Colman's "A Double Life," Shelley Winters hasn't let Hollywood forget her. This shrewd little actress, who knows the value of publicity, is giving the movie scene the full Winters' workout. Shelley arrived the hard way—and those who called her temperamental now know she's just a determined actress who believes in getting the best breaks for herself.

There'll never be dull Winters, if Shelley can help it!

BY LYNN PERKINS



CAME a break—Shelley was signed for role of *Ado Annie* in New York Theatre Guild Company of "Oklahoma." Sister Blanche helped her rehearse



THE MOVIES lured Shelley again when she heard of waitress role in "A Double Life." She arrived in Hollywood broke. Lou Costello saw her at bus station, gave her a lift to studio. Eight or nine girls . . .



REHEARSALS weren't enough for Shelley. For six days she worked as a waitress—earned $13.00 in tips—and won stardom with screen performance



FRIENDS believe Shelley's hard work is mainly responsible for her success. But she believes in luck—is constantly knocking on wood. Superstitious rapping is bane of soundmen like Bob Pritchard, above



. . . were tested, but Shelley's luck had turned. Assured that role was hers, she dashed out—and back—to borrow carfare home from casting director Bob Palmer!



SHELLEY soon learned that earning that star salary meant keeping that star figure. In Frankie Van's gym at studio she works out regularly—robed in a rubber suit!



NOW MAD and merry Shelley is heading for a new chapter in her colorful life—maybe marriage with Farley Granger, her co-star in their new comedy, "Behave Yourself." (See story on page 62)

DIRONE

THE NEW CLIFT

CUT

BY ELSA MAXWELL

Time has done more than polish off the edges of Clift—it's even added a faint glow of romance!

Success has a way of rubbing off on people. It has rubbed off on Monty Clift. The other day when he lunched with me there was no need for my maid to darn the sleeve of his tweed jacket, as she had had to do when he had lunched with me two years ago. Still, he has that carelessly-hung-together look, but this has as much to do with the way he's made as with the way he wears his clothes. His hair is still faintly crew-cut but it's a very good crew-cut now. He has more to say, too. And he says what he says with greater authority.

We are, all of us, what we eat, what we say, what we do, what we think and how we feel. And Monty's several years of exposure to other successful people with their fine homes and cars and clothes and his several (*Continued on page* 97)









SCREEN HISTORY of Clift: Top left, with Joanne Dru in "Red River." Below, with Cornell Borchers in "The Big Lift." Top right, in "The Search." Next, with Olivia de Havilland in "The Heiress." Opposite, with Liz Taylor in "A Place in the Sun." It is two years since he finished latter. Monty Clift believes in taking his time!



JUNE'S feelings always show. She wishes she could be like Evvie, the airy one, always turning things into a joke. June's in "Love Nest"

VALESKA



EVVIE WAS planning a birthday party for sister June when they learned the news they had waited so long to hear

They hadn't seen each other for twelve long years. But in that first magic moment June Haver knew her father still remembered his pledge.

AND THE FAMILIAR STRANGER

BY IDA ZEITLIN

JUNE'S sister was throwing a birthday party for her, and June showed up early to lend a hand. When the phone rang, Evvie said: "You answer it. Either somebody can't come or somebody wants to bring somebody else. Whichever way suits me—"

It was neither way. Evvie heard June cry, "Daddy!" stood still for a moment, then moved to the doorway to hear the rest. "Oh, I'm so glad. When? That'll be just wonderful! I can hardly believe it—" June's eyes lifted in a signal to her sister, who crossed the room. Dark head bent close to the fair one, as June's hand covered the mouthpiece and her lips formed words. "They're coming out. Daddy wants to know if you can put them up."

Glancing 'round the small apartment, Evvie flopped.

"Don't worry about a thing," June, at the phone, continued sweetly. "You and Florence just get here, and we'll see to the rest. Thanks, I (*Continued on page 99*)



WHEN JUNE'S PARENTS faced reality of their rift, they determined the children should not suffer. Above, early picture of June, her mother, Dorothy, father, Evvie



Alan Ladd

Bullets and bouquets . . . country boy in a Cadillac . . . the calm before a storm . . . adventure in a well-pressed suit . . . practical sentimentalist.

Photographed by Schafer. Alan appears in "Thunder in the East"

Mario Lanza

Hercules at the Metropolitan . . . red wine and pizza pie . . . a small boy strutting in his first long pants . . . the ringing of bells on a sun-drenched day . . . music and magnetism.

Photographed by Bull. Mario's next picture is "Because You're Mine"





ORNITZ

"SHELLEY'S A GOOD kid—not nearly as crazy as some people think," says Farley. They co-star in "Behave Yourself"

Long engagements are fun

BY EDITH GWYNN



VALESKA

The dictionary defines "engage" like this: "To bind or obtain by promise. To affect favorably." Of course, "engage" also means, "to join in conflict with." Nobody with eyes or ears, who has read of, heard of, or been present when Farley Granger and Shelley Winters have intoned lasting devotion to each other, gazed dreamily into space for hours while out in public together, staged word-battles that could be heard for miles, followed by resumption of cooing, could possibly deny that these two have more than lived up to the dictionary's definitions of the word "engagement"!

The first time Farley was asked if he believed in long engagements was 'way back in November, 1950. With Shelley holding on to his arm, he said, "If you mean us—we're not thinking about marriage. We just like each other's company." With that, Shelley broke loose, gave her glamamour a resounding slap on the back and laughed uproariously. (What she meant by *that* loud guffaw, I dunno.)

Quite recently Farley was again asked the same question. He said, "It certainly looks like it, doesn't it?" Obviously he knew he was being queried about himself and la Winters—so his answer can only be taken as an admission that they've considered themselves engaged for a long, long time. Shelley was at his side this time, too, mugging like mad. Then she dropped this gem, "Marriage is pretty serious business. We're just horsing around."

Despite Shelley's "denial," Farley told a close friend last spring, "We talked it all over. I love Shelley and we'll surely marry in June." They didn't. (*Continued on page* 80)

■ *Farley Granger*

should know. He and Shelley are taking their hectic time going to the altar!



Farley loves being a bachelor, holds to it with one hand while holding on to Shelley with the other

BY BEN GAGE

I'm still whistling

One look at Esther's picture and her husband reached for his pen. After six years of marriage, he still has things to say to his pin-up wife



ESTHER, Kimmie, Benjie and Ben. "Sometimes when I think back I get a little jealous of all the years I didn't know you." Esther's in "Texas Carnival"

Darling:

This is a love letter all right. On that subject I could write to you every day. If I don't—well, you know how some people are about writing letters. But the thoughts are there—and the sentiment, too—even though I don't put the words on paper. You know? Come to think of it, does this sound silly to you? I mean, do old married folks write love letters? If we were eighteen again I'm sure it would be all right.

Or if we were still just courting.

Then a fellow can tell his best girl that he's crazy about her eyes and the way her hair makes little curls on the back of her neck. He can write about the length of her lashes, her cute nose that gets a little tanned in the sun, and her hair that is as bright as an October leaf. That's fine.

But after six years of marriage and with two husky sons to our credit, maybe it'll sound too sentimental. Do you think so? Well, what if it does? That's the way I feel, and why shouldn't I say so? Or am I just repeating myself?

I confess that when I looked at the picture they are putting on the page opposite this I had a definite urge to pucker up and whistle.

That's what pin-up pictures are designed for—and that's what usually happens. Even to husbands. Especially if the pin up looks like you.

I remember I had that same urge that night at Earl Carroll's Restaurant in Hollywood when you were selling cigarettes for charity. That was the night Bunny Greene introduced us.

You had on a white evening gown that was shining and smooth and very beautiful.

Bunny said, "Ess, this is Sergeant Ben Gage."

You said, "Hi, soldier."

And I stood there in my size thirteen Army shoes and grinned at you and hoped that I was being very charming. I'm sure that I said something really brilliant even (*Continued on page* 91)



"WE HAD some hilarious moments when we were first suspicious that perhaps Kimmie was on his way—the studio had asked us to wait!"

photoplay magazine

Pin up #10

color photograph by Dirone

Esther Williams



Their happiness was showing when our candid cameraman focused on Frank and Ava during their pre-honeymoon holiday





LEFT, Ava and Frank at The Desert Inn in Las Vegas, where he entertained. Right, at a late supper party at The Flamingo Hotel

I WAS THERE

BY HYMIE FINK
Photoplay's Photographer

WHEN I registered at the Flamingo for a Las Vegas vacation, I promised myself I'd go over to the Desert Inn where Frank Sinatra was singing. Ava was there, too, when I arrived, with her sister Beatrice. Bea has lived with Ava for years. Then gossip had it that the girls had quarreled over the Sinatra romance. But I guess Bea finally got the idea they were really in love. They sure were shining with happiness, shining almost as brightly as Ava's diamond necklace, the night I saw them. I kept wondering if Ava's necklace was the one Frank gave her after he visited her in Spain. They had a wonderful time on their pre-honeymoon holiday. Frankie had his boat up there. Every day they toured Lake Mead and fished. Nights, after Frank was through work, they danced and talked of their days ahead as Mr. and Mrs.





HER SISTER BEATRICE, opposite page, went along as chaperone when Ava lived at Las Vegas to be near Frank. The Gardner-Sinatra happiness was contagious. Even Jack Benny, above with singer Rosemary Clooney and Frank and Ava, looked as if he wished he'd brought his fiddle!

Photoplay





Pier Angeli, above, of M-G-M's "The Light Touch," highlights the evening in a lovely strapless dance dress of brocade over pleated nylon net. By Date Dreams, 7-15. Under $40.00 at Sakowitz, Houston, Tex., and Rich's, Atlanta, Ga. Sparkling jewelry by Coro

Monica Lewis, right, of M-G-M's "The Strip," makes a party picture in gleaming Celanese rayon satin. Strapless camisole top has detachable fichu. Full circular skirt has the new fashion flare. By Juniorite, sizes 9-15. Camisole is $5.95, skirt $10.95. Both at Kresge, Newark, N. J. and Stern's, New York, N. Y.

Pearl and rhinestone necklace by Deltah

fashions





Anne Francis of Twentieth's "Lydia Bailey" reveals the youthful enchantment of an iridescent taffeta dress with graceful V-neck front and back. Stardust print adds a glow to the full skirt. By Teena Paige, 7-15, the price, too, is appealing—around $15.00 at Franklin Simon, New York, N. Y., H. P. Wasson, Indianapolis, Ind. Winter Furs muff, Coro necklace.

Joyce MacKenzie of Twentieth's "With a Song in My Heart" twirls onto the dance floor in iridescent taffeta with separate nylon net overskirt. By Sportset, 9-15, dress $12.95, overskirt $7.95. At Bloomingdale's, New York, N. Y. Magid bag, Deltah pin.

FOR STORES NEAREST YOU WRITE DIRECT TO MANUFACTURER LISTED ON PAGE 74

Photoplay pattern of the month



ENGSTEAD

A just-right style for the holiday season, when friends drop in or you go Christmas calling. It's a smart coat-type dress with stand-out skirt; the tricky bow can be worn tied at the side or in front as an ascot. Easy to make; we suggest you try it in taffeta. Detailed pattern drawings are shown at right

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Enclosed find fifty cents ($.50) for which please send me the Polly Bergen "The Stooge" pattern #5 in size 10-12-14-16-18-20.

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Polly Bergen, *left, in the original dress designed by Edith Head for her role in Paramount's Hal Wallis production, "The Stooge"*

Luxite

FINE LINGERIE

Sparkling metallic gold and white braid that's completely washable, lights up this Christmasy Luxite lingerie with a new luxury touch. The gown and peignoir negligee are born flatterers. Both in Star White, Match-tip Red, Twilight Blue. Finest run-proof rayon tricot. The set or individually, a gift prize at a price!

Golden Gifts...

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Peignoir negligee with elegant back-sweep, gold-like buttons, wristlet sleeves, vast pockets. Sizes 32-40. $9.95*

Flowing gown with sculptured deep pointed midriff. Sizes 32-40. $3.95*

At better stores everywhere. Write for stores in your community.

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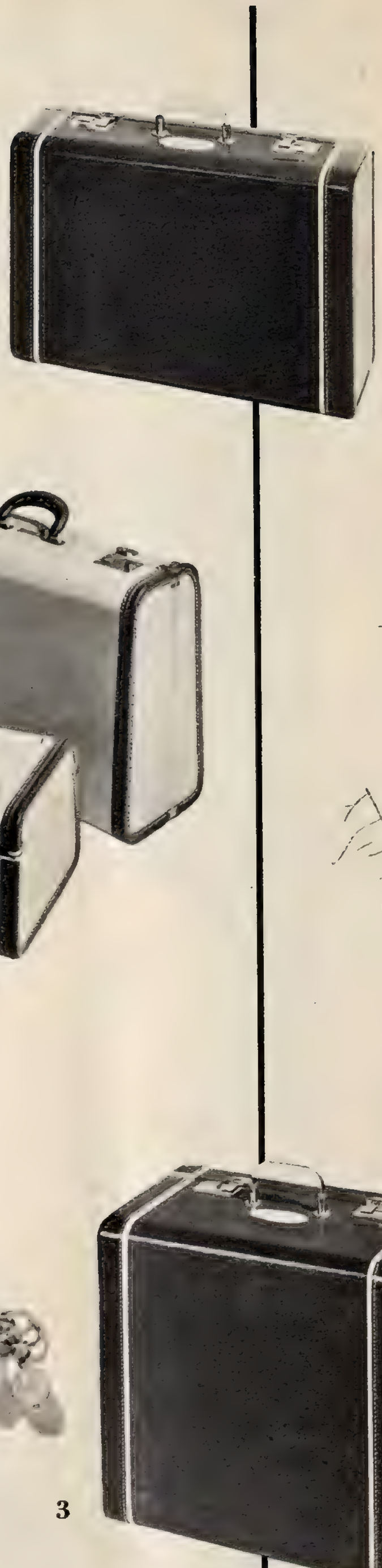
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1



2

3

For bedtime belles: Pretty nylon bed jacket with pleated ruffles, pearl buttons. Small, medium and large. $9.95 by Luxite at Saks 34th, New York, N. Y.



Travel accompaniments: Numbers 1 and 3—White Star's two-toned "Feather-weight" luggage of waterproof gabardine with cowhide binding. Blue, green or maroon with white trim. 1, a 21" overnighter, $20.00.* 3, hat and shoe bag, $28.00.*

2, Dresner's new "Flight 99" luggage in coated canvas with leather binding. Tapered sides make it about one pound lighter. Wardrobe, $29.95.* Train case, $19.95.*

Glamour touches: Rich, gold-filled chain bracelet with gleaming pearl drops. $15.75.* Perfect matchmates, gold-filled earrings with double pearl drops. $5.50.* Both pieces by Deltah

* Plus Federal Tax

christmas Cheer leaders



Short and sweet! Crepe shorty gown with nylon lace collar in white, pink, blue, nile, maize. By Wonder Maid, 32-38. $5.95 at McCreery's, New York, N. Y.

To make your party dresses stand out—a rustling black taffeta petticoat with crinoline lining. By Artemis in black, brown or red, 24-30. $3.95 at Franklin Simon, New York, N. Y.

Sheer excitement: Nylon and rayon slip with net design at bodice and hem. In white, pink, blue, maize. Powers Model, 32-40. Around $2.95 at Kresge, Newark, N. J.

For a lounge lady—warm and cozy short rayon satin quilted robe with adjustable cord waistband. By Barbizon, blue or rose, 12-20. $17.00 at Stern's, New York, N. Y.

For store nearest you write direct to manufacturer listed on page 74

(*Continued from page* 49) be on the getting end, too) and not only at Christmas but the year round. You have a love of food and are probably a "mouth-watering" cook.

Dr. Woodward says the choosers of the Santa Claus card are not likely to have any strong interest in "keeping up with the Joneses," nor much concern about "what will people think?" If they had, they wouldn't choose the Santa card. They'd worry lest it might seem too childish.

"As a matter of fact, the Santa Claus card is apt to be chosen," says Dr. Woodward, "by very mature people who have grown up enough to enjoy good, gay things without feeling any need to explain, or to apologize for their enjoyment. Santa Claus-card senders are also liable to have less trouble than others in their relationships and they have the likelihood of achieving a good and lasting marriage.

If you are a Santa Claus-card sender, it is to be hoped that this analysis fits you as it does the young Hodiaks.

PEOPLE do reveal themselves, Dr. Woodward says, in the small things they do, day by day. Such as, for instance, the ease and speed—or the laggard lingering—with which they get up in the morning. If you leap out of bed, beating the alarm clock to it, you may be sure you are a happy-in-your-work, well-adjusted person. If you just hate to get out of bed, can't wake up, it means you are unhappy in your work or in some department of your life.

Even the way one person meets another is, Dr. Woodward told me, a giveaway. The way you listen tells tales on you. If you listen with interest and *without interrupting*, you have a comfortable certainty of your own importance. But if you only half listen, waiting to get into the conversation, it means that you are lacking in self-confidence, that your ego is hungry.

If you go in for blues in dress or decoration—especially the dark blues—you are apt to look on the dark side. "Not for nothing," said the doctor, laughing, "are the phrases 'I feel blue,' or 'It gives me the blues,' in common usage." On the other hand, if you go for green, nature's primary color and very restful but gay, you reveal yourself as well balanced and contented.

And so on through the everyday choices. And of these choices, a Christmas card is especially fraught with meaning—because, at Christmas, people's emotions are nearer the surface.

With the pageantry of the coming of the Christ Child, and the annual advent of Santa Claus, childhood memories come thronging back with the wistful longing expressed in the verse, "Backward, turn backward O Time in your flight, make me a child again just for tonight!"

Which is what Mario Lanza may be saying, without knowing it, of course, in his choice of a Christmas card: "For conceivably," says Dr. Woodward, "the choice of this scene could be Mr. Lanza's subconscious expression of his wish to return to the infantile and so, uninhibited enjoyment of Christmas, with his admiring parents looking on.

"The thing that most interests me about this card is the simplicity and the highly formal nature of it. The whole picture is nothing but the Christmas tree and the traditional family—mother, father and child. But the picture is so rigidly formal, the mother and father so proper, I would suppose it chosen by a person who just *has* to be very proper, who can't veer away from the accustomed patterns."

When I reminded Dr. Woodward that the chooser of this card was M-G-M's lusty Italian tenor, "The Great Lanza," and one not given to any prunes-and-prisms pattern, Dr. Woodward laughed. "Without realizing why he was doing it," he said, "Mr. Lanza could have chosen a scene that pictures a mode of life in which he grew up and for which he still has some preference. His card could be an unconscious expression of his wish to turn away from his present environment to the more peaceful life of his childhood. Or to a different life—the one of which he dreamed, perhaps, as a boy and which he has not, in spite of his fame and fortune, truly realized."

If you would choose a card like John Derek's, you will be fascinated to hear that it's those who love the old ways who are liable to send such a card.

"I often wonder," Dr. Woodward said, "whether such cards are chosen by people of rural background, who have memories, or by people in crowded city places who yearn for the out-of-doors. By both probably. Some choose scenes for the fond recollections they bring of childhood years. But one thing is, I think, certain, and that is that the person who chooses this card, with its down-to-earth quality, *has the same quality in himself.* It's a card that symbolizes a kind of revolt against superficiality. The chooser may realize that his nostalgia for the country is greatly idealized—that life in the country may be rather cold—and bad traveling. He still loves the scene because it looks so peaceful, romantic and clean. He chooses it because he wants his life to have a solid footing and so, comfortable or not, be *real.*

"And there is a plus," Dr. Woodward added, "for, in addition to the down-to-earth quality, the high steeple of the church, reaching upward, suggests that while your feet are planted firmly in the earth, your eyes are on the stars. You have an aspiration higher than yourself, a recognition of forces beyond your control. And a kind of acceptance of what comes."

Compared with the more traditional rural scene of young Mr. Derek's card, those of Kirk Douglas and Don DeFore, while similar, reveal men who are not similar at all—either to John Derek or to each other. Kirk's card shows neither the farm nor the church—which indicates that he has no strong subconscious desire for the rural life *or* for the good old days. It could symbolize, however, according to Dr. Woodward, the sender's desire to have more space around him, to tap the value of rural life *without its hardships.* This is the type who would go for the log cabin in the mountains provided it was supplied with hot and cold running water. This is the card of a man who enjoys—not solitude—but a retreat to the country accompanied by his family and (as the young ladies skating toward him suggest) friends.

"A physically vigorous man in all likelihood," the doctor commented, "would choose this card. The scene depicts him demonstrating a vigorous enjoyment of skating. But whether skating, boxing, swimming or dancing, the choice of this card points to the man of action; to a doer, not a dreamer."

Don DeFore's card, also a rural scene, pictures a couple of houses, some standing trees in process of being cut down and a train being loaded with the cut trees. The train says "Loads of fun."

The chooser of this card could be—the doctor told me—a person with a lot of hostility in his make-up. Somebody who has destructive urges, can't face them, wants to get rid of them and so, vigorously cuts down the trees. The solitary figures, each cutting down his own tree, characterize a person with hostile feelings, who would always rather be alone.

"It is pretty general," the doctor explained, "that people find it difficult to accept that they have hostile feelings, destructive impulses. A child will shout, 'I'll shoot you dead!' and quite healthily and happily get it out of his system. But adults dress up their destructive impulses.

"One value of symbols, however—and the Christmas card is definitely a symbol—is that they often require different interpretations for different people. So, this card also could have been chosen by someone who thoroughly enjoys rural out-of-doors in the winter. Someone who pities the poor city fellow, wants to send him a trainload of trees. Or by someone who has a happy association with trains."

THAT Don has a childhood association with trains, we know. He comes of a railroading family. And as for Don, easy-does-it, genial Don DeFore with "destructive urges"? Oh, surely not!

When we came to Loretta Young's card, the doctor said, "Undoubtedly, Miss Young chose a religious card because her church is very meaningful to her." (It is. It deeply and devoutly is.)

"However, it is a curious fact that people who are not religious often choose a religious card as a safeguard to hide a hostility within themselves. More non-religious people choose religious cards because religion has had a rich, nostalgic association with their childhood.

If you do choose the religious card, and especially one like Loretta's, you are probably a person of extremely gentle disposition but also of deep and tender feeling as indicated by the tender pose of the Virgin and the Child.

If you choose a card similar to Olivia de Havilland's, you are a woman who has real maternal interest and who anticipates finding much of her own fulfillment in parenthood. Or, if not, the card misrepresents you. It doesn't misrepresent Olivia,

WHEREVER YOU LIVE YOU CAN BUY

Photoplay Fashions

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475 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.
Powers Model slip
392 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

for those who know her best well know that her son, her husband and their home come first with Olivia; her career, second.

"A kind of sacrament of life, that's what comes to my mind," Dr. Woodward said, "as I study this card. The Wise Men bringing gifts. The Dove of Peace hovering over the simplified manger-home, the pictured Joseph and Mary jointly adoring The Child, all this seems to say that a very dedicated and meaningful family life is the highest fulfillment of life to the one who chooses this card.

"It could be, of course, that a person would choose such a card because her life was the opposite of the close family life and parenthood she wanted. In which case the person would be compensating. Compensatory behavior is fairly common. The little man with the big voice. The homely girl with the beautiful manners."

AND now, for a change of pace, we'll take Betty Hutton's card. And do you know that if you send a card like La Hutton's you are the type who usually sends a photograph of the kiddies as a Christmas card? Or a sketch of yourself hanging from the Christmas tree. Or you may choose a pictured scene of a mother and father accompanied by their young. Now the young may be in the form of cats or dogs or chipmunks, but no matter—if the number is right it is meant to depict you and yours. In other words, you adapt some part of the Christmas myth to yourself, which is exactly what, in her own giddy, gymnastic fashion Betty has done. She has removed Santa Claus from his legendary chimney and put him in her next picture "The Greatest Show on Earth."

"To make people over in our image," Dr. Woodward said, "is natural enough. Most people, if they have any kind of self-confidence, believe the world would be a better place to live in if their particular brand of selfhood was advertised to the world—and followed. This is a form of exhibitionism, of course, but frankly, I think it takes a certain amount of exhibitionism to make a good, well-adjusted human being. *You have to like your role in life, as on the stage, and you have to like your audience.*

"There is a goodness of life in this card," the doctor said, "an outflowing quality—and so I would expect the person who chose it to be a vivacious, physically exuberant individual."

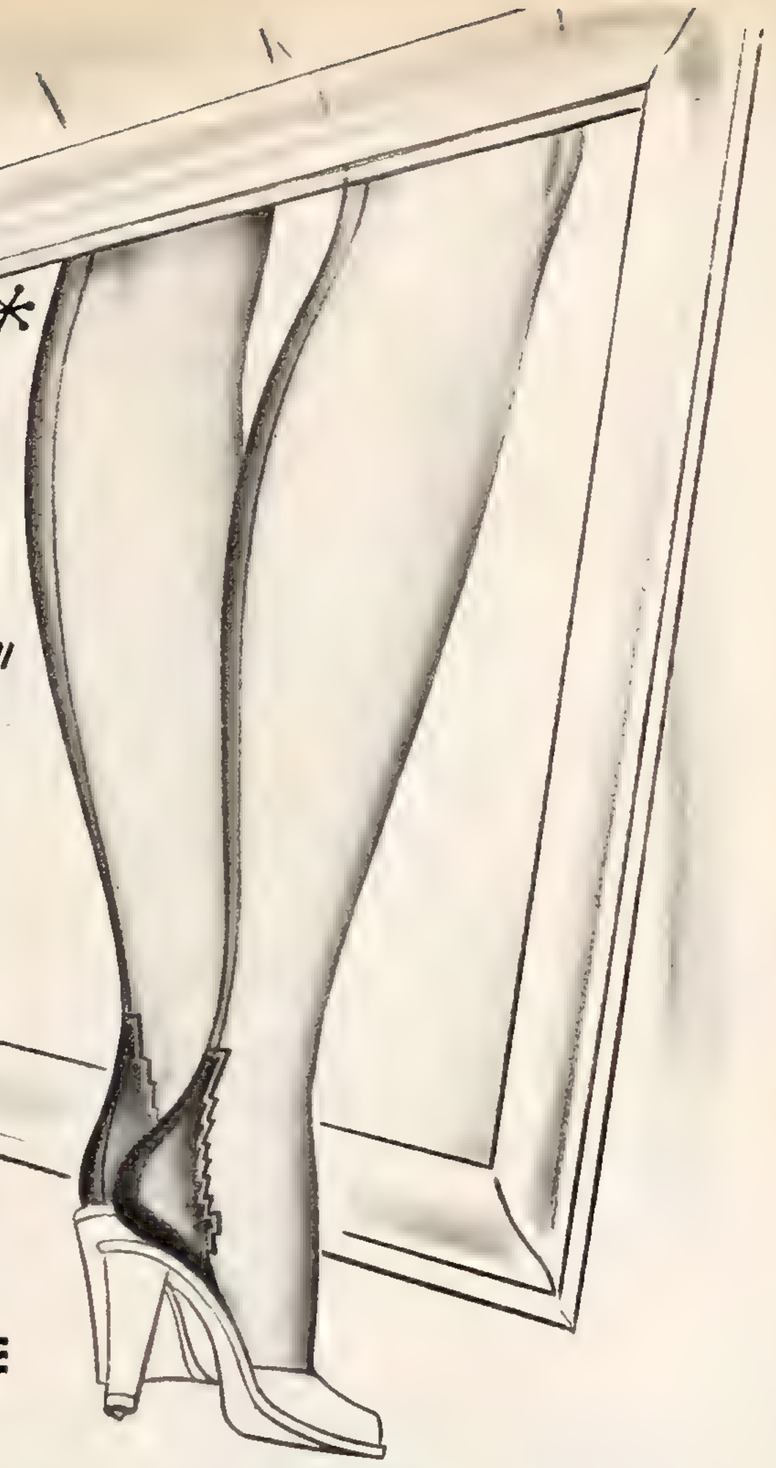
And now we come to the Big, Bad Wolf as offered by big bad movie menace, Dan Duryea. But this wolf, according to Dr. Woodward, is no more dangerous than is Dan when he steps out of camera range.

Said Dr. Woodward: "Traditionally the wolf is a destroying animal rather than the male pursuer we think it today. While the person who would choose a wolf card is likely to be one who embodies the wolf qualities in his own make-up, this card is different, this card symbolizes a wolf gone comedian. The fellow who chose this card is a person of strength and power, true, but he uses his strength not to destroy, but to do gay good. This wolf has learned to suppress his inborn tendencies so much that he now inspires laughter rather than fear. He's a delightful wolf who, hat gaily cocked, takes you out for a good time. This card indicates the big he-man who is capable of being a wolf, and destroying you, but loves you instead! An insecure person would probably not choose this card. I would think of the person who chose this card as an essentially gay, vigorous sort of person, very secure, unusually strong, and as safe as an accredited baby-sitter."

So endeth the tales told by the stars' innocent-seeming Christmas cards. And a Merry Christmas to all!

THE END

The New Airmaid* "trim-line frame"



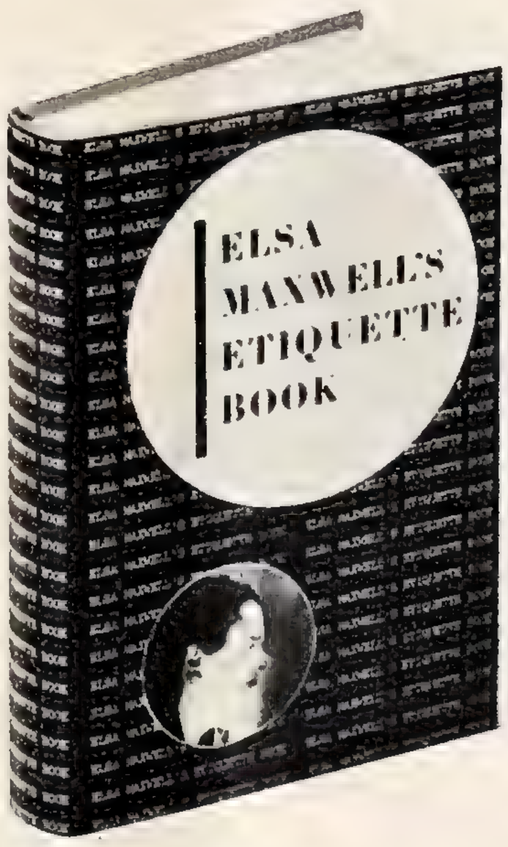
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BY JOAN CRAWFORD
Star of "That Woman Is Dangerous"



If you want to be



CLOTHES MAY make the woman but they won't make the man if you don't keep your party poise polished

Did you ever spend weeks planning for a very special party, only to end up by having a perfectly miserable time?

Most of us do just this, at one time or another. But, shining up everything we think important from our hair to our party pumps—we too often neglect to put a party polish on our poise.

Now I know poise is another one of those foggy words—like "personality," "popularity," even like "charm"—brimful of meaning, yet somehow hard to define. So let us pin it down, right here and now—for without the intangible quality of poise, a girl can be as beautiful as *Snow White* and as brilliant as Madame Curie, yet be all alone and lonely in the middle of a crowd.

To me, poise is *knowing one's own worth*. The girl who knows herself, and likes herself, has poise, self-confidence and assurance enough to forget self and go forward with friendliness. You could say poise is *having a reason to be where you are*.

The girl with poise talks as though she's interested, walks as though she's going somewhere. She smiles when she greets you. She looks you in the eye. She remembers your name, and tells

charming

you that nice compliment someone paid you last week.

The girl with poise has not spent all her time preparing for this evening in thinking about what the party is going to do for her. She has devoted a good hunk of her time to thinking out in advance what she could contribute to the party's success.

Some people seem to be born with poise. They're the lucky ones. Most of us have to acquire it for ourselves. It's not easy. But it can be done once you know what it is you are after.

Basically, poise is a faculty for putting yourself in the other person's shoes—accenting the "you" over the "I" in your conversation. It's also a lack of fear, an assurance and confidence in yourself which—in one of those queer paradoxes which make psychology so fascinating—expresses itself in a playing down of self, and a playing up of real interest in and concern for the other fellow.

The girl with poise thinks, "I feel wonderful" and she says, "You look wonderful." She thinks, "I'm having fun." She shows it by indicating that "You interest me. *You're* making this a memorable evening."

"I like *you*" is what she radiates. And you respond by liking *her*.

If you're shaky in the poise department, plan for it with just as much care as you plan your party hair-do. Or the costume you're going to wear.

If you're shy—and some of the nicest and brightest (*Cont'd on page* 86)



YOU MAY raise temperature as the office siren—but watch out for the boss's blood pressure!

STOP SQUINTING—glasses are no handicap to the girl who knows how to wear 'em



(*Continued from page* 43) "isn't remotely the baby doll type."

As one enthusiastic voter put it: "In Mona's delicate beauty there is strength, intelligence and humor."

The photographers say that time and time again stars ask if their sitting can be given the quality they have admired in recent portraits of Loretta Young. No member of our jury denied that Loretta is beautiful in features and in coloring. But it was stressed, repeatedly, that her beauty would be less if she were less the lovely lady in thought, word and deed.

"What a face! *What a face!*" There is the summation of Grandma Marlene Dietrich. "She knows what to do with her provocative bone structure, too," our jury noted, appreciatively. "Besides, she's all human, all woman!"

Susan Hayward never was a first or last choice. Always she was listed second. Always, too, the reasons for her selection tallied. "An exotic type, crowned with the most beautiful golden red hair."

In Rita Hayworth's beauty personality was stressed.

"Rita's personality really projects to make her features provocative, challenging and warm," they said. And, "Her complexion, eyes and hair blend into something that is over-all lovely."

Only once was there a similarity in the jury's analyses of beauty—with Deborah Kerr and Loretta Young. For Deborah, like Loretta, would not be as lovely, our jury was agreed, in spite of her fine features and her "delicious" coloring, if she were less gentle, kind and completely charming.

And there you have the twelve most beautiful women in Hollywood—ranging in age from nineteen to forty-six. They were chosen for many reasons. But one fact remained constant—beauty is something over and above sheer physical perfection. It is good bones and lovely coloring, plus other things—vitality or spirituality, self-dramatization or intelligence and humor, a gentle, kind nature or exoticism.

Beauty is more than skin deep.

However, since, to be realistic, skin still is important to beauty, we consulted the make-up experts who guided our beautiful women. And we present:

The Make-up Palettes of Hollywood's Twelve Most Beautiful Women As Recommended by Hollywood's Make-Up Experts

Ava Gardner: Classic, oval-shaped face. Hazel eyes. Dark brown hair. Rich, natural coloring with fair skin.

William Tuttle, head of the M-G-M make-up department, recommends:

Lipstick: Pure red, to follow the natural line of her lips, curving upward at corners. All make-up should curve upward to give the face a pleasant expression.

Rouge: The bright red lipstick blended with a little oil or cream so it will apply smoothly as it follows the natural line of the cheekbone.

Mascara: Black.

Eye Pencil: Black. To give eyes an even larger appearance, draw a little upward line at the outside corners of the eyes.

Eyeshadow: Eyeshadow should match the natural coloring that exists around the eyes. Some women have a delicate purple shadow, others a shadow with a brownish tinge. To achieve the true brown color around Ava's eyes, a blue-gray shadow is mixed with a reddish brown shadow.

Ann Blyth: Oval face. Dark blue eyes. Brown hair with reddish tint. Fair skin.

Jack Kevan, head of Universal-International's make-up department, recommends:

Lipstick: True red, no blue in it, following lip line faithfully.

Rouge: True red, applied to a high spot on cheekbone and blended outward.

Mascara: Dark, used very lightly.

Eye Pencil: Dark.

Eyeshadow: Light blue-green.

Elizabeth Taylor: Elongated oval face. Violet blue eyes. Blue black hair. Light olive skin.

William Tuttle of M-G-M recommends:

Lipstick: Dark, on the blue-red shade. Lip line needs no changing.

Rouge: Dark, on the blue-red shade—placed low on cheek on a line perpendicular to her nose, to lend face breadth.

(No mascara or eye pencil needed.)

Eyeshadow: Blue gray—blended down to meet upswing of the eye.

Arlene Dahl: Classic oval face. Light blue eyes. Red-golden hair. White skin.

William Tuttle of M-G-M recommends:

Lipstick: Warm red-yellow shade.

Rouge: Same red-yellow shade, also applied subtly at high part of cheekbone.

Mascara, Eye Pencil, Eyeshadow: Reddish-brown, cinnamon color.

Linda Darnell: Oval-triangular face. Deep brown eyes. Deep brown hair. Fair skin.

Ben Nye of the Twentieth Century-Fox make-up department recommends:

Lipstick: True medium red to follow full line of mouth faithfully.

Rouge: True medium red, applied high on cheekbone, blending off.

Mascara, Eye Pencil, Eyeshadow: Brown-black.

Joan Crawford: Square-shaped face. Bright blue eyes. Orange-red hair. Sun-tan complexion. No make-up expert other than Joan can be quoted here. She applies her make-up even for the screen.

Lipstick: A shade to complement color she is wearing.

Rouge: None.

Mascara: Dark brown. After applying, Joan goes over lashes and brows with pomade which removes surplus powder.

Eye Pencil: Dark Brown.

Eyeshadow: Blue-gray. Uses only occasionally and then almost entirely wipes it off, leaving the barest trace of color.

Mona Freeman: Oval face. Blue eyes. Golden hair. Very light olive skin.

Recommendations by Wally Westmore, head of Paramount make-up department.

Lipstick: True, light red, lightly applied.

Rouge: True, light red, used high on cheekbones, blended back to the outside of the eye and back toward the temple.

Mascara: Brown—used sparingly.

Eye Pencil: Brown—used sparingly.

Eyeshadow: None.

Loretta Young: Heart-shaped face with strong chin. Blue eyes. Light brown hair. Fair skin.

Ernie Parks at Twentieth recommends:

Lipstick: Dark red, applied to follow definite full mouth.

Rouge: Dark red used high on cheekbone, blended outward. (The dark lipstick and rouge are used to make Loretta's teeth and eye-whites look even whiter.)

Mascara, Eye Pencil, Eyeshadow: Dark brown.

Marlene Dietrich: Diamond-shaped face. Blue eyes. Blonde hair. Fair skin.

Frank Westmore recommends:

Lipstick, Rouge: Garnet red.

Mascara: Dark.

Eye Pencil: Instead of an eye pencil Marlene applies substance from burnt matches to line the eye.

Eyeshadow: Soft warm brown.

Susan Hayward: Oval-shaped face. Blue-green eyes. Red-gold hair. Fair skin, few freckles.

Ben Nye of Twentieth recommends:

Lipstick: Orange rust.

Rouge: Orange rust applied on the cheekbone and blended skillfully upward.

Mascara, Eye Pencil: Brown.

Eyeshadow: Green-neutral brown.

Rita Hayworth: Oval face. Brown eyes. Dark red hair. Castilian olive complexion.

Clay Campbell of Columbia recommends:

Lipstick: Medium red or a light clear pink. Perfect lip line with rare double bow followed faithfully.

Rouge: Medium red or light clear pink applied high on the cheek and coming forward.

Mascara, Eye Pencil: Black-brown.

Eyeshadow: Olive brown.

Deborah Kerr: Rectangular-shaped face. Hazel eyes. Red hair. Fair skin.

William Tuttle of M-G-M points out that Deborah is a different type of redhead, has appearance that suggests the out-of-doors, recommends:

Lipstick: Coral tone with blues.

Rouge: Coral tone with blues. Applied high on cheek with diagonal line.

Mascara, Eye Pencil: Brown.

Eyeshadow: Blue gray.

THE END

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when they appear in Photoplay's color pages. So why not send in the names of

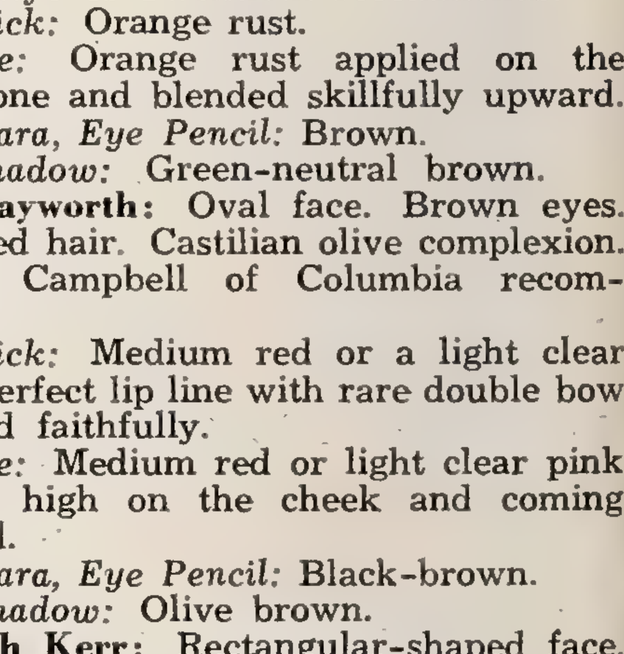
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Dayle's Ring

"I just adore Pond's Cold Cream," Dayle Fort says.

she's Engaged !

Dayle Fort's shining eyes, the diamond on her left hand—tell you there's happiness ahead! Dayle is engaged to Donald F. Nesbitt, Jr. They'll be married next summer in the charming First Presbyterian Church of South Orange, New Jersey—the groom tall and handsome and Dayle a most *beautiful* bride.

she's Lovely !

Tall, slender and graceful—Dayle Fort has a special charm. Her face shows you *right away* her enchanting Inner Self. Her mirthful eyes, soft brown hair set off her cool, silk-and-satin complexion. She *looks* a delightful person, someone you can't help liking *immediately*.

she uses Pond's !

"Looking your best builds up your confidence", Dayle says

You always feel gayer, more confident when you know you look your prettiest.

Dayle thinks every girl's prettiest face depends on *fastidiously clean*, soft skin. Dayle's own complexion is appealing as spring lilacs. "For a blissfully *quick* and effective beauty cleansing, you can't equal Pond's Cold Cream," she says. "It makes my skin feel so refreshed—*simply wonderful.*"

You can make Dayle's "beauty formula" work a lovely magic for *your* complexion, too. Use Pond's Cold Cream *religiously* every night as Dayle does (and for day face cleansings). *This is the way you do it:*

Hot Stimulation—a good hot water splashing.

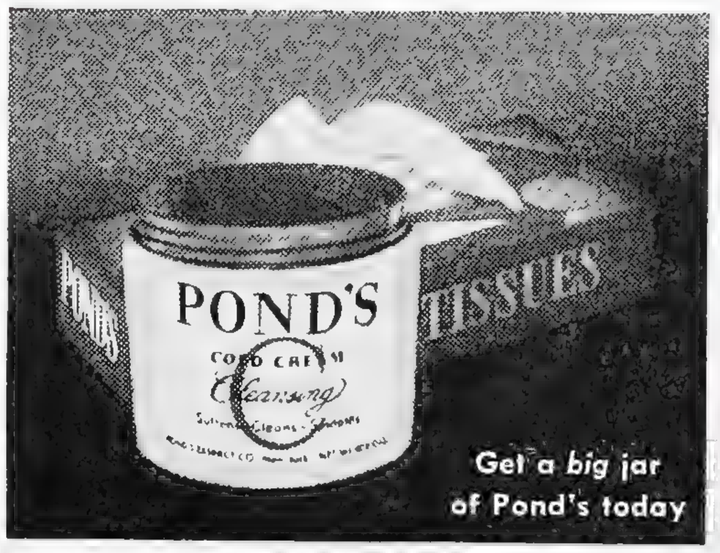
Cream Cleanse—swirl light, fluffy Pond's Cold Cream over your face and throat to soften dirt and make-up, sweep them from pore openings. Tissue off.

Cream Rinse—more Pond's now, to rinse off last traces of dirt, leave skin immaculate. Tissue off.

Cold Stimulation—a tonic cold water splash.

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It's not vanity to develop the beauty of your face. Show your most attractive self and a new confidence glows from your face, brings friends to you *on sight.*



Start your Pond's beauty care now.
Help your face show a lovelier You!

Long Engagements Are Fun

(*Continued from page* 62) Farley believes in "long engagements" if any, because more than loving any gal, he loves being a bachelor, and has always appreciated the bounties of single bliss. Because he's fascinated with his single status, he holds tenaciously to it with one hand, while holding onto Shelley with the other.

I know at this writing that Farley gets an unfailing kick out of Shelley and wants to go on and on with her. His praise of her camaraderie is even topped by his admiration for her performances. He says, "Shelley is a wonderful actress. No one quite realizes how great. She's a wonderful girl, too." So far he's made no statements about what kind of a wife he thinks Shelley would be. But what kind of a life Granger thinks *any* wife might lead him is tipped off by this incident:

One morning a studio friend came to pick Farley up. He was in bed sipping orange juice and listening to classical music. "Isn't this the life?" he grinned. "I can lounge around like this every day I'm not working—without anyone to say otherwise."

The sound of wedding chimes may strike terror to his heart, but the "life in a goldfish bowl" that Granger and Winters lead, doesn't bother them at all! Matter of fact, the crazy things they do individually and together, are an important factor in holding them to each other. Farley, for sure, doesn't feel he could get away with, nor participate in, a lot of their "gags," nor indulge in the easy-going life he loves, if they were Mr. and Mrs. The day he's convinced that things can continue to ripple along as usual, and that life can be as casual and amusing for a husband, will be the day Farley *stops* being a bachelor!

There was the time when he'd just returned from Europe and had a date to take Shelley to a big Hollywood premiere. Shelley was dressed to the teeth when he arrived. Farley showed up in slacks, topped by a loud sports jacket and no tie! Shelley almost had hysterics! P. S. They went to the show—just as they were. (Now, if they'd been married, Shelley might have rightly stood on her "marital rights" and made hubby change his clothes before she'd budge.)

The blue-jeans routine of Farley's wasn't confined to Hollywood. He and Shelley were much criticized for traipsing around the better New York thoroughfares and even trying to lunch at one of Manhattan's swankier restaurants, while *both* were in blue-jeans! The lifted-eyebrows didn't bother them at all, at all!

Another episode during the time this pair was prancing around Gotham together *is* funny—and much noisier. They had just come out of a theatre and it was almost midnight. Farley insisted they walk back to her hotel through Central Park. Shelley wanted to ride instead. She hopped into a cab, telling the driver to follow Farley through the park. Then she kept sticking her head out of the window, shouting at the top of her lungs, "*Who's* that *tramp?*" Farley enjoyed the whole thing. Shelley was hoarse for days.

When "A Place in the Sun" was premiered in Hollywood, instead of sending her orchids or any kind of wearable corsage, Farley bestowed a huge, floral horseshoe upon Shelley. But even though it was her "big night" (people are sure she'll get an Academy Award nomination for her work in this one) Shelley not only took the gag with good grace (instead of what might have been "wifely indignation") but took the horseshoe along to the theatre with her! And to Ciro's later. And was still dragging it around in the wee hours when the two of them went to Hamburger Hamlet where she sang and clowned for at least another hour.

Now, Farley revels in this kind of uninhibited nonsense, and undoubtedly feels it would all "get lost" with marriage. He may be right—or just scared. However, the two of 'em—and especially Granger, enjoy some calmer pursuits together. Sailboating, for instance. Usually they go with friends who are old hands at the sport. But even though neither our hero nor our heroine knows a thing about sailing sloops, skiffs—or anything that floats, they leaped to Balboa Bay one day when neither had to work and rented themselves a sailboat. They were doing just fine until they wanted to turn around (at a spot just short of where bay meets ocean) and almost upset their "applecart" trying! Frantic hailing of passing boats was no help—because people thought they were just waving a greeting! After a frightening two-hour tussle, Farley and Shelley finally managed to get themselves towed in!

FARLEY is a very erratic spender. His business manager once asked him to keep a record of his spending for one week, and was furious when he got a report which read: "Mon. $2; Tues. $5; Wed. $2; Thurs. $7; Fri. $84; Sat., nothing; Sun., nothing." Now, F. G. may have been kidding about those two-dollar days, but there's no doubt he really spent the eighty-four bucks that Friday—and in a record shop! (Another vote for "long engagements." After all, what wife would approve that kind of expenditure in a single day—while she was trying to balance the family budget?)

Another eccentricity of Farley's is the way he falls asleep at parties. Once at a shindig at Ida Lupino's, Farley dozed off after dinner—and they just let him sleep through till dawn when everyone left. This sort of thing might get a husband a fast rolling-pin over the head. But where a sweetheart might raise the roof over it, she can be pacified with sweet words.

If you want further proof of why Farley finds long engagements fun, dig this: It happened when he and Shelley and Tony Martin were at a dull, low-score ball game. During the fifth inning, Shelley said, "Come on—let's go." But Farley wanted to stay and did. Shelley dashed home in a snit. Then Granger said to Tony, "She'll get over it. A year ago I would have had to go along. That's the advantage of a long friendship."

If you ask me, what he really meant was, "I've got her trained—and it takes time, brother—it takes time!"

It also takes time (or a long engagement) for a guy not to care whether the gal of his dreams goes around without make-up; looking sloppy most of the time and even showing up at the chic Beverly Hills Hotel's swimming pool with zinc paste all over her face—as Shelley does. I don't approve of *this* kind of tolerance for man or woman. It's the kind of thing that bores most *married* men—and sends them out to flirt with someone more glamour-wise. But maybe in "long engagements"—each of the two either fails to notice or unconsciously "forgives" a lot of things that wedding rings point up! Who knows? Farley thinks he does.

He says, "I used to travel alone and enjoyed it, but now I don't get the boot out of it I did. It's more fun traveling with Shelley. Knowing her all this time, I enjoy everything double—seeing it through both pairs of eyes. That's one of the advantages of long engagements."

And that's his ambition—travel. Nothing but. He adds, "I've seen everything in Europe but the Scandinavian countries. They're next." So what happened? Farley, finding himself with at least six weeks off before he was to start "The Hans Christian Andersen Story" for Sam Goldwyn, decided to *travel.* And this unpredictable lad immediately started negotiating for a *house* for himself—not in Stockholm, kiddies, but in Paris! Shelley immediately announced to the world that she'd be going along—or meeting him abroad. Since they weren't married, this, of course, called for finding a chaperone—a not too difficult chore.

Perhaps Farley is still too immature to properly weigh the fruits and joys of married life against the thrills of an endless bachelor binge. Maybe, as many think, these two have already worn out the original, mad infatuation that goes with a big, new crush and are on a basis of great comradeship—with no hectic emotions involved—and no intention of marrying. And both of them smart enough to carry on the big question of whether they will or won't wed for as long as it gets them newspaper space. Maybe by winter, each will have married someone else. Again, knowing their utter unpredictableness, I say, who knows?

Farley says, "I really never do enough. I'm lazy. I'm terribly impatient. I'm high-strung and nervous." Shelley's had plenty of time to find all this out. If they're really in love, she'll stick it out until Farley makes up his mind. BUT—here's something that is rather revealing—and may mean he's beginning to realize that even "long engagements," no matter how much fun, must end sometime—one way or another.

While still working in "I Want You"—and before starting his vacation, Farley showed up on the movie set one morn in a pair of busted house-slippers. As he was putting a patch of tape (tape, I said!) over a hole in a sole, he turned to a pal and said, "Maybe Shelley and I ought to get married in Paris as we told people we would. She's a good kid—not nearly as crazy as some think. People are always crying for color in this town. Then when someone gives it to them, they scream for the whitewash. You can't win!"

Well, boys and gals—write your own comment! Mine is???!**??!!

THE END

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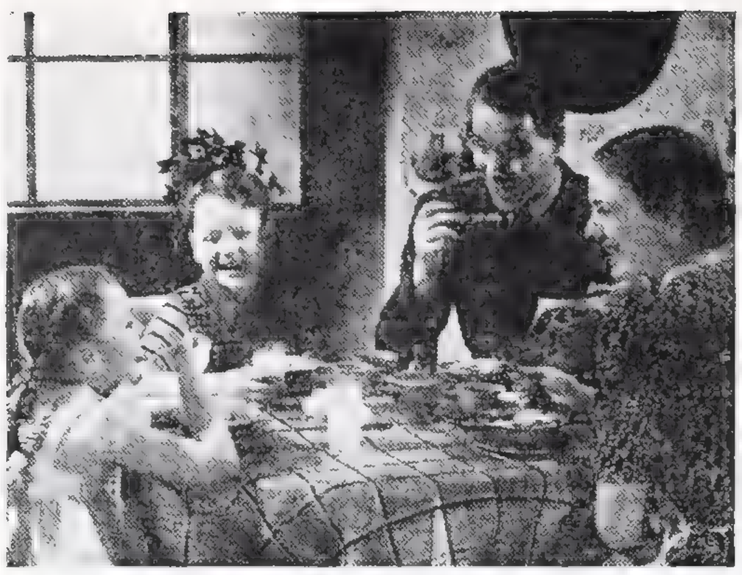
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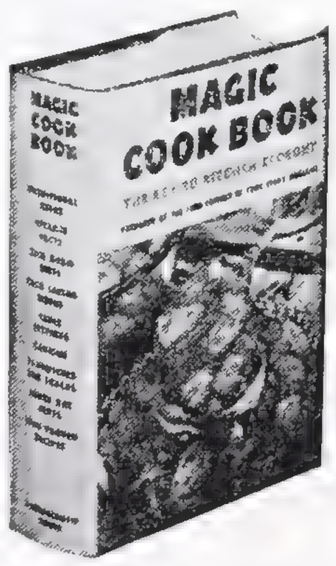
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They Couldn't Get Their Man

(*Continued from page* 51) Joan Crawford." Joan vehemently denied to me that she had anything to do with the break-up. And I believe her. No one can break up a marriage unless the crack is past repairing.

But Joan, like all healthy normal women, would like a man she could call her own—permanently. If handsome lawyer Greg Bautzer had been the marrying kind, Joan would have been deliriously happy—for a while, anyway. For she was in love with him and he with her. Her later romances were just bright flashes in some fancy-looking pans. I hope Joan finds the man she seeks. Because this is a great woman with much tenderness and loyalty to give—to the right man.

You could write almost the same copy for Ginger Rogers. Ginger, like Joan, doesn't function right unless there's A Man In Her Life. Both have had three marriages *and* Mr. Bautzer. Now Greg is friends with both long-time stars, although *they* are not. But when the time comes for Greg to marry, I predict the girl will not be a well-known actress. And that, I think, is the clue to the lonely-spinster state of many unattached actresses. Men are afraid of them. The best men won't be part of the Queen's entourage. The worst, who would, are usually kicked out before they can get too close.

Ann Sheridan and Jeff Chandler pitched woo for a time. I saw them holding hands at Mocambo, doing ditto at Universal-International where Jeff works. But Ann did all this and more often with Steve Hannagan, and still signed her name "Miss Sheridan" when the closeness of the romance was over. But what Ann lost in a husband, she gained in a friend. Steve is still her closest confidant, and when she successfully sued RKO recently, Steve was the man who advised and stood right there in person by her side. Also now that Jeff and his wife have reconciled, Annie and Steve are dating again.

It may even be that Mr. Hannagan now will add to his mementos to Annie—so far they include a drawerful of jewels.

Which reminds me of a remark Paulette Goddard made to me between her marriages to Chaplin and Burgess Meredith. "When I'm old, I hope I'm not lonely and alone sitting by the window polishing my jewels." As of writing (this is a necessary stipulation in Hollywood where the romantically impossible can happen overnight) Paulette is alone. Although for a while there she almost marched to the altar with writer Cy Howard. Almost. In affairs of the heart, a miss is as good as a mile—away.

Will Pat Neal get to be the next Mrs. Gary Cooper? This question is currently puzzling the Hollywood gossips. I guess Pat's future matrimonial status with Gary depends on a change of decision from Mrs. Rocky Cooper, who can be as adamant as her nickname. And Mrs. Cooper has said, "I will not divorce Gary." But later added a tantalizing postscript, "Of course anything can happen." Whatever happens will originate with Rocky. Gary takes love and life as he finds it.

When petite Vera-Ellen appeared at a party with A. C. Lyles, former mate of Martha Vickers, now divorcing Mickey Rooney, I wondered what had happened to her romance with Rocky Hudson, the handsome six-foot actor at Universal-International. "Is it all over?" I asked Rocky, remembering his impassioned love speeches on the subject of Vera-Ellen. "No," he said, emphatically, "but until I can afford to take her to expensive places, I've told her it's all right with me if she dates other guys." Don't misjudge Miss Vera-Ellen. A star has to be seen sometimes in places where the photographers congregate. But how would *you* like it, if you read in the columns that your girl was a cosy twosome at this and that restaurant, with another man? I don't think that Rocky does either.

Barbara Stanwyck's friends are divided into two camps on the question of a reconciliation with Robert Taylor. Barbara kept her man very happy for twelve years. But she was never more in love with him than at the end when she told him he could be free, she'd get a divorce. The three months of separation when he went to England to star in "Ivanhoe" *could* bring them together again if the time apart proves they still need each other. But I don't subscribe to the school which says, "Absence makes the heart grow fonder." I think absence makes you forget the little daily happenings and habits which cement marriage and love. And there's always the big danger of meeting and falling in love with someone else. I know it took Barbara a long time to make up her mind to marry Bob, she'd been so hurt in her marriage to and divorce from Frank Fay. I'll be surprised if Barbara will ever want to get another man—if Robert and she decide against another try.

YVONNE De Carlo is getting uncomfortably close to her thirties. She's alluring and intelligent, and yet the few men she has wanted to marry, didn't. She was engaged to Howard Duff. I saw the ring and everything. But there was no wedding. When Yvonne appeared on my television show recently, I asked her, "Have you any plans for marriage?" "None at all," she said. "Do you *want* to be married?" I persisted. "I most certainly do," she replied, frankly. Well, I'm sure she will make a better wife for the waiting.

There was a time when Betty Hutton couldn't breathe right if she didn't have a man swooning for her and vice versa. But her marriage, divorce, reconciliation, divorce from Ted Briskin have slowed down the loving impulse. Recent reports have linked the names of Pete Rugolo and Norman Krasna with Betty. With Norman she even had a brief, beautiful engagement. But Betty doesn't seem heartbroken by the broken engagement. She was all bounce and bubble when I heard her today recording a song for her picture "Somebody Loves Me."

Sharman Douglas, a more restrained type, really carried a man-sized torch for Peter Lawford. There were even those who thought the ex-Ambassador's daughter went to work in Hollywood as a means to the end—Pete. But whatever Sharman has, and she has charm, a sweet nature and a lot of sense, it wasn't quite enough to win Mr. Lawford. Now that Peter and Sharman are seeing each other again in London there are those who think the romance is on again. We don't!

June Haver was rumored in a romance with writer Sy Bartlett. Then she was and still is seen all the time with Joe Campbell, who owns a store. But June, who married Jimmy Zito at twenty and divorced him soon after, is not looking for a man to marry now. First, the deeply religious girl wants the approval of her church—via an annulment. And in any case, for a long time to come, June's heart will be buried with the one man she *did* love, the late Dr. Duzik.

Judy Garland first saw Sid Luft five years ago across a crowded room at a party. But she didn't find him at all enchanting until they met again after her separation from Vincente Minnelli, and his divorce from Lynn Bari. Vince preferred Judy on the thin side. Sid likes her fat. But they have to wait until next year to wed. That's a long time, in the romantic calendar, Hollywood style. Anything can happen. But the worst that can happen, from the viewpoint of a movie actress, is—*nothing.*

THE END

Are you in the know?



How can you "k. o." Christmas jitters?

- ☐ *Wrap as you shop*
- ☐ *Stock up on cologne*
- ☐ *Take a night off*

Why make the night before Christmas a nightmare? Here's how to beat that last-minute deadline. (1) Wrap your gifts in advance, as you buy them. (2) Take an evening off, to address your cards. (3) Prepare for gal friends' unexpected presents —with extra bottles of cologne. And lest your *calendar* catch you unprepared—stock up on Kotex. You can jest at problem day jitters, for that special *safety center* gives extra protection; k. o.'s accident worries.



What makes pound-paring easier?

- ☐ *Pound cake*
- ☐ *A special dress*
- ☐ *Dance dates*

You swore you'd give up a month of sundaes—to get trim-figgered for the holidating season. But, you're *still* getting your desserts! You can avoid being pound foolish —by saving your pennies for a special dream dress in a *smaller size* you'd love to wear. Good reminder to keep your reducing resolutions! And at certain times, remind yourself to try the *3 sizes* of Kotex (different absorbencies, for different days). You'll discover the ideal one for *you*.



If your guy can't afford much gallivanting—

- ☐ *Slip him the wherewithal*
- ☐ *Snare a spender*
- ☐ *Try parlor magic*

He's no miser—just allowance-bound. If your steady can't take you out on the town *every* night, how 'bout a few home dates? A little parlor magic (disc music and popcorn) can ease wallet-strain; help him save for your really plush occasions. On trying days, there's magic too in the way Kotex puts the skids on discomfort. See how at ease you'll stay, because Kotex is made to stay soft while you wear it; gives wonderful softness that *holds its shape!*



Can you be the hit of a holiday party, if you're—

- ☐ *A jingle belle*
- ☐ *A snob sister*
- ☐ *Mistletoe mad*

When the gang gathers 'round the piano—put new zing in the sing! Beforehand, write jingles to popular tunes: a verse about each guest at the party. *Practice* rhyming (starting now). A rhyming dictionary helps; or get an assist from the class "Pote." Jingles pay off—in fun, popularity; even in loot, sometimes. And you'll find it pays, confidence-wise, to choose the sanitary napkin that prevents revealing outlines. Kotex! Thanks to those special *flat pressed ends*, you're free from telltale outline woe!



What assures daintiness on problem days?

- ☐ *Bath salts*
- ☐ *Powder*
- ☐ *Occasional showers*

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Their Rules for Romance

(*Continued from page* 39) fair and lovely girl.

"By not being a liar in a romance," Janet said, "Tony means honesty in so many things . . ."

"In everything," Tony interrupted.

"Yes, in everything, little or big. No pretense. No trying to be a big dealer. Not trying to cover anything up."

"If you never tell each other anything but the truth, even about the silliest little things," Tony said, "then if a big thing comes up—and looks like deceit or misunderstanding—you don't flip your wig. You know there is an explanation."

"For instance," said Janet, "before we were married, while I was in Pittsburgh making 'Angels in the Outfield,' several of the ballplayers joined our group in the evenings. They were nice fellows and we had a lot of fun. But I called Tony in Kansas City (where he was making personal appearances before starting 'Hear No Evil') and explained it ahead of time, just so he couldn't misunderstand."

"I wouldn't have misunderstood," Tony said, "but I felt better because she called."

"That's something Tony has taught me," Janet said. "Always telephone and explain everything. I'm one of those girls who loses time. I say I'll be someplace in a half hour. Then I get doing things and the next thing I know, an hour or more has flown by. I never used to realize such delays could hurt the other person. I didn't realize that if you said you'd meet them at four and didn't turn up till five, they might think you'd been killed in an automobile accident. Tony would worry when I was late. And we had rows about it, until he pointed out, quite rightly, that if you are in love, you don't forget the other person, because of anything you are doing."

"Janie is the one who taught me to blurt out my anger when I was hurt," Tony said. "It used to be I'd just brood when I was sore. The more I brooded the worse it would fester up in me. In a way, until I knew Janie, I was always on guard, always ready to withdraw into myself."

"That attitude can hurt anyone," Janet said, "but you can get hurt, too, though perhaps not quite so much, by being exactly the reverse, as I was until I knew Tony. I always believed everybody, and every word they said. So when, occasionally, somebody didn't live up to what they said, I was wide open to unhappiness—"

"That girl knew more clowns when I first met her," Tony interrupted. "She was much too nice to know that a lot of them were using her, getting their names into the papers because of being seen with her, getting invited to parties because they could escort her."

"So that's a rule for romance we practice very seriously," Janet said, "the business of really understanding one another, of expressing exactly what we feel. A lot of fellows and girls make the mistake of being all fair weather with each other.

"Let's say you've had a perfectly miserable day at your work and you have a date. A girl sometimes thinks she should just smile and be gay. But the boy knows she's acting. If she's sensible and tells him what's the matter with her, they have something to share. Sharing is one of the best things about a romance and a marriage, too. And it shouldn't just be sharing laughs. In a way, you can laugh with anybody. But it's only those with whom you're very close that you can share your worries, your troubles, your annoyances."

"Yet sometimes in this business of getting to know another, of blurting out what is bothering you, you hurt one another," Tony added.

It was enchanting, sitting there at lunch with them, seeing how naturally Janet and Tony picked up the other's remarks. Thus Janet said quickly, in answer to Tony's remark, "Sometimes when you're romantic you hurt each other unconsciously."

"Like after we'd begun serious dating, when I began taking you—really not for granted, but let's say, a little casually."

"Yes," Janet said. "I think that's the kind of mistake a fellow makes in romance. He gets a habit of saying, 'Thursday we're going to the beach,' or 'Tuesday we're going over to see Bill and Liz.'"

"Janet only had to bring that up once," Tony said. "I soon learned it made her a lot happier if I said, 'How's about the beach for Thursday?' or 'Do you want to have dinner with Bill and Liz on Tuesday?' and now I do the same thing."

"Well, Tony was much more stubborn in believing I wasn't trying to put anything over on him," Janet said, smiling for the first time, because she was teasing Tony a little. "He didn't quite believe me, at first, when I'd explain why my name used to get linked with that of some other fellow. I had to point out that two movie people may be in a party of thirty but when it's reported in the papers maybe only their two names will be used so that it looks as if they were alone together."

"I told Janet," Tony said, "that I would not go into this kind of competition for her. The first night I ever met her, I wanted to date her, but I was told she was

"I was never so happy before!"



said one amazed listener when she heard the answer to her own problem on radio's "My True Story". "My True Story" is helping thousands of people find the way to happiness because it presents *real*-life dramas of real people and their problems—direct from the files of True Story Magazine. Here you'll find vividly portrayed stories dealing with love, hope, fear, jealousy and many others.

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going with another guy, so I never even called her for two years, until I heard she was free. And for a man to know this solidly about his girl seems to me important. It was for us, anyhow. I had to know Janet wanted to be with me, just for me, not to test me out against some other character."

"When girls act that way they are just being silly and coquettish," Janet said, "and that attitude kills romance. I think it's crazy for a girl to say, if her date asks her if she wants to go dancing. 'Oh, I'd love to,' if, actually, she loathes dancing."

"Also you shouldn't be too rigid in your attitudes or plans," Tony put in. "The other night Janie and I had tickets to a premiere. At the last minute I somehow didn't want to go. So I said I'd just like to go down to the beach, if she'd like it. So we did go down to the beach and it was keen, the way she never pouted once."

"We try to adjust to each other's pleasure and our night at that beach was a revelation anyhow," Janet laughed.

NOW it was Tony's turn to laugh. "I'd never been on a roller coaster before in my life," he said. "I was scared to death, so scared I was sick for days after."

"I'd been on lots of coasters," Janet said. "But I'd always been with fellows who protected me, kept me from getting the bumps. But my husband just sat there, hanging on for dear life. And I bounced around like a wooden spoon. It was simply horrible."

"When I finally got down to earth and on my feet," Tony said, "it was that honesty thing again. I didn't have to pretend with Janet at all. She liked me, even if I was scared blue.

"When Janet and I want to be alone, we stay home or drive to the beach or something like that," Tony continued. "Nights when we don't do one thing special, when we eat wherever we are, and do whatever comes into our minds at the moment, like suddenly swimming, or just looking at the scenery or whatever it is, are almost the best moments because it's then that we know exactly how compatible we are."

"I think our out-of-town trips are good, though," Janet added. "Here in Hollywood we naturally meet few people who aren't connected with movies. We love shop talk, but I think it is also very good for us to be in other environments and see other ways of living. And I believe this would apply just as well to girls and fellows in other professions. We all need a change of pace. I think it is a wonderful rule for any romance or any marriage for both the people to have scads and scads of things to talk about, even to argue about."

The assistant director of Janet's picture came over to our table. He told her she was needed on the set immediately.

"I guess what the basic rule for romance comes down to," Janet said, "is that each two people have to find out the important things in their own individual way. But I think the way any couple can know they are falling in love is by suddenly discovering that what the other one wants to do is really the thing you most want to do. I mean, when I find myself thinking, Why, it would make Tony happy to do that—whether it's just eating a hamburger or acting out a play or whatever—and the very thought makes me happy too . . . well, it's so wonderful."

"That's love," said Tony. "When your 'kicks' don't come from any outside element and don't depend on spending a lot of money, or having a lot of clothes, or telling a lot of lies, but just being together and being completely yourselves, why, that's real love!"

THE END

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If You Want to Be Charming

(*Continued from page* 77) people are shy—plan to pick out someone at the party who is shyer and make him have a good time. If you're lonely, plan to find somebody lonelier to introduce to all the people you know. You'll marvel that so little effort can make so many friends, for it's real magic—the little trick of learning to put yourself in the other fellow's shoes.

It can work for you wherever you are.

On the job, for instance. How many times have you thought about your boss's reason for hiring you for this particular job?

You know well enough what your job means to you. A chance to meet people, perhaps, and if you're one of the fortunate ones, a chance to work at the thing which interests you most and for which you've been trained. And a weekly paycheck.

What does your job mean to *your boss?*

Perhaps you're a receptionist—then what you are and what you do on the job makes that important first impression on every visitor to the office. If you put yourself in your boss's shoes, you'll never be caught showing up for work in a "sloppy Joe" sweater and dirty saddle-shoes. Nor will you ever consider office hours the appropriate time to try out for the title of Miss Sexboat of 1952, complete with plunging neckline and dangling earrings.

You're a secretary? When the buzzer summons you, be ready for work, with your wits as sharp as your No. 2 pencils—you'll *not* be out for coffee or on the phone with your beau. His boss, incidentally, would be happier if you saved all those juicy gossip items for date time tonight.

Are you a salesgirl? Were you hired to please the public and sell merchandise—or do you think the manager would be flattered if you so successfully snooted the customers that they slunk away, feeling shabby and rebuffed, to do their shopping at a friendlier shop down the street?

I've thought about this recently, for I've just taken on a "sales job" myself—as advisory fashion consultant for Peter Pan Foundations, Inc.

I'm sure that Mr. Plehn, *my* boss, expects something from me in return for the fees he has contracted to pay me. I'm committed, as I see it, to live up to my title—to consult, and to advise, to tap my experience as an actress to help American women become better dressed, better groomed, and more glamorous.

If I keep my share of the bargain, I'll have fun; from my own standpoint the job will be worth doing. If I don't—not only will I be bored, I'll be useless.

Bored—useless! That tired old daily double. Nobody's happy. Nobody wins.

I don't know about you gals, but I'm too selfish to settle for such meager pickings.

It's too easy—and so much more pleasant—to put yourself in the other fellow's shoes and accentuate the positive!

Beat the Skin Game:

Blustery weather time again, and high time, I think, to pay a little attention to a seasonal beauty problem which seems as inevitable at this time of the year as the fire in the furnace, and the heavy, nonporous suits and coats in our wardrobes.

Those same stuffy houses and heavy clothes are the perpetrators of the crime, probably.

What I'm talking about is a condition I call "winter skin"—rough, chapped, excessively dry skin which, if we don't check it right now, can get to be chronic.

You think you've escaped? Maybe your face is as smooth and moist as a rose petal. Most of us take care of our faces, with creams and lotions. But have you checked your hands lately, or your elbows, or your knees? Alligatorish?

I've been able to escape "winter skin" by the special autumn skin treatment I've added to my beauty routine.

The largest, most often used bottle in my bathroom contains a scented, emulsified body oil. This I apply generously every day, just before my bath, to counteract the drying tendencies of soap and water. Try it! You'll find you will emerge from your tub with softer, prettier, younger skin. (If you've delayed too long and your skin is already excessively dry, apply the oil after the bath. Your skin will absorb it the way dry ground soaks up rain water, and by the time you're ready to don your fresh lingerie any trace of stickiness should have disappeared.)

There are other little tricks to counteract this particular beauty bogey; bath oils—quicker than the oil rub, but not, I think, so effective—super-fatted soaps with a lanolin base, and, as always, the *interior* department, lots of milk in your diet (buttermilk or skim milk if you're overweight) and daily exercise outdoors.

Here's to keeping our bodies as young and beautiful as our faces!

None So Blind As Those Who Won't See:

One of our readers has written in despair that she "used to be" attractive and popular, but that now all is lost. She has to wear glasses!

It's so if she says so; *But only because she says so.* If a girl is convinced that she's unattractive, she *is.* It's as simple as that.

There's nothing disfiguring about glasses these days with many becoming shapes and luscious colors to choose from. Some girls, I think, look even prettier in glasses than without them, especially if going without means squinting and going around half-blind.

If you really believe that "men never make passes at girls who wear glasses," you've a psychological hurdle to get over, along with the physical one. Maybe, for you, contact lenses are the answer. Eye specialists make miracles with contacts these days . . . so look into it.

Or should I say look *through it?*

Maybe contacts are too expensive or not available in your town. Then, if you need glasses, wear them, for goodness sake, and see the world.

You don't know what you've been missing.

Do not hesitate to write me about your charm problems. Send your letters to Joan Crawford, c/o Photoplay, 321 S. Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif.

THE END



You Chose These Stars

(*Continued from page* 45) Mitzi's most unforgettable scene, privately speaking, was the day she finally met Darryl F. Zanuck—a moment in which she'd hoped to play for deep drama and which came off pretty low comedy instead. She was on her way home from the studio, comfortably gowned in a faded wash dress and some old scuffs on her feet, when she was called into Mr. Zanuck's office.

She sat down in a chair, and was attempting to hide her scuffs in the rug and to present a generally well-poised appearance, when she looked up into a pair of amused eyes. "How old are you?" he asked. She was eighteen, she said. "Are you married yet?" No, but she was considering it, she said. Well, that was fine. The studio was signing her to a seven-year-contract and he hoped she'd be very happy there. It was a moment when Mitzi would have "loved to have made a dramatic exit—and I just died knowing how I'd look instead, scuffing along in my wash dress with my back to him all the way back across that room to the door!"

On stage from childhood with the ballet, Mitzi is privately convinced her lucky pair of purple toe shoes—the ones she wore in "The Great Waltz"—have brought her luck. "I always wear them in every picture the first day," she says. "Nobody else believes they're lucky—but well, look!"

As for winning the "Choose Your Star" poll: "That was such a surprise, for the first time in my life—I'm speechless!"

EVEN more so is the son of a minister from the tiny town of Talmage, Nebraska—population 393—the number one man, Anthony Dexter. While appreciating the thousand letters per week that keep piling in to him from those who've seen him in "Valentino," Dexter would rather be that star "tomorrow" you voted him than the sensation he is today. He's now starring in "The Brigand," a $1,000,000 Technicolor production at Columbia. Despite the ambitious plans of the "boss," as he calls producer Edward Small, who discovered him, Tony's reasoning prompts him to say: "A year from now will tell the real story. Meanwhile, I'm saving my money. It's better to be realistic, don't you think?"

Both Dexter and his agent have had "a great deal of pressure" put on them from the many thousands who want them to re-make "The Sheik." With his sideburns, his black, black hair, heavy-lidded brown eyes and the general contour of his features, Tony's resemblance to Valentino is uncanny. But until recently he was opposed to a remake of any of Valentino's films. However, "The Sheik" is his favorite, that which he is "least leery" about. "Whatever Mr. Small puts me into is fine. I'm banking on him," he says.

At Twentieth Century-Fox, Jeffrey Hunter (who came in second) is an athletic six-footer with a rich, deep voice, blue eyes, dark hair. After "Red Skies of Montana," Jeff co-stars with Jeanne Crain and Myrna Loy in "Belles on Her Toes." His pretty brunette wife, Barbara Rush (who made ninth place in the contest and is one of Paramount's "Golden Circle") portrays the ingenue lead in the science-fiction production, "When Worlds Collide."

The Hunters live in a two-bedroom apartment in Hollywood. They painted it themselves and when they're both working, they share the household chores. However, while Jeff was baching last summer and Barbie was away in summer stock, he drew the line at washing any more dishes. "I washed dishes in college. I've washed my last dish!" he wrote Barbara and she

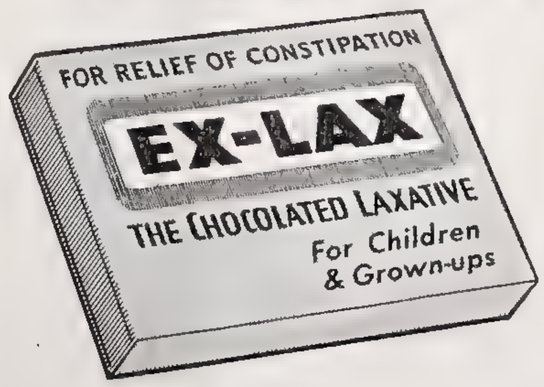
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didn't know until she got home that he was surprising her with an automatic dishwasher, bought on a budget plan.

They realize that too many separations can endanger their marriage. There'll be no more long summer stock separations, they say. "Nine weeks is just too long to be apart. I didn't want Barbie to miss the chance, though," said Jeff. "We understand the requirements of our careers. I want her to have a career, too. We hope we'll be able to work it out like some others have."

Janice Rule (who won second place among the girls) came to Hollywood from Broadway. She will dance with Gene Nelson in "Starlift." When she was fifteen she took a job in a Chicago night club. But she had to keep up her school work during the day. Between floor shows, she went backstage where hardened chorines and comics coached her on homework. Janice says, "That's when I saw the real heart of show business, knew I'd love the people in it and wanted to become one of them for keeps."

As anxious as ever to get ahead, Janice made arrangements to teach dancing to the Arthur Kennedy Theatre Group in return for lessons in acting. Smart girl.

BOB Wagner (#3) twenty-one years old, breezy, blond, of vintage and vernacular 1952, who scored in "Halls of Montezuma," plays the juvenile romantic lead in "Let's Make It Legal." His studio, Twentieth, tells you readily, "We think Bob will get there." The son of a Bel-Air steel manufacturer, Bob "wanted to do something on my own. I decided to try the movie business. I'm trying to pattern my career after Alan Ladd's. I'm always asking him for advice. I like the way he's made out."

A popular young man, Bob dates Carol Lee Ladd, Barbara Darrow and Susan Zanuck. Marriage? "Not yet. I want to know where I'm going first."

Pier Angeli (#3), the beloved little Italian *Teresa,* with excited gray-green eyes and a spiritual warmth that shines from within—looking a very young fifteen instead of her proud nineteen years—has finished "The Light Touch," co-starring with Stewart Granger. "I hate myself on the screen," she says. "When I see myself, I cry, I get the stomach ache and I feel so terrible. I keep thinking how I could do it better. I like working in pictures. I put all of myself into them. And I'm happy if other people like them. I like Americans. Some people are jealous of them. They say, 'Hollywood will be very hard—you will see.' But the first day I come here, when I go in the studio commissary, everybody says, 'Hello—you're Pier,' and they smile and they all come around me. I cried. It was wonderful!"

M-G-M's "secret weapon" for a future box office is, by their own admission, Monica Lewis (#4). Monica, of the hot-cha-cha brown eyes, honey-blonde hair and dimples, portrays herself as a guest star in "The Strip." Whenever Monica, an established singer and popular recording artist (she once sang TV commercials as the voice of an animated banana), asks about future plans, she hears, "You're our secret weapon—don't worry." To which Monica laughs, "How long do I have to stay hidden?" But she knows—not too long.

There at Metro, too, Marge and Gower Champion gave a teamed "What!" together when they were told they were winners (Gower #4, Marge #8). They get some great numbers in "Lovely to Look At," the star-studded remake of "Roberta." "We thought we would be good together as a dance team, but we never thought what has happened would happen. We don't want to be just dancers—and they're letting us act too."

These two are happily married—they work, rehearse, dance and live as a team. "We hope we can work our two careers out. Others have. Gower is the boss," Marge says. "He creates the routines." When he has one ready he gets her opinion. If there's something about it that doesn't feel right to her, she says so. "Then," says Gower, "if I'm strong enough to argue her out of it, and I believe I'm right, we do it my way." Says Marge, "And he is right. He always has been." Gower's dream is to direct musicals someday. "Ten years from now we don't want to be dancing. And we want to 'produce' a few children too, somewhere along the way."

Alex Nicol (#5), blond, Danish and the fair-haired boy at Universal-International right now, comes from the stage, where he understudied Henry Fonda in "Mr. Roberts." He's just finished a featured role in "Meet Danny Wilson." Alex and his actress wife, Jean Fleming, belong to an acting group that includes Gary Cooper, Pat Neal, James Whitmore, Jean Hagen and others who meet Sunday afternoons.

JOYCE Holden (#5), pearl-blonde, willowy and beautiful, who worked her way through school as a model, dreams of following in the talented footsteps of the late Carole Lombard. She seems on her way with her parts in "You Never Can Tell," and "Bronco Buster." However, her face was familiar to TV fans long before she signed with Universal. She's resourceful, too. For when kids from her home town, Kansas City, Missouri, wrote concerning voting for her in the Photoplay contest, she answered by air-mail with, "Got any friends?"

Joyce goes steady with a song writer, "who hasn't made his name yet—but he will. I'm a one-guy girl. I don't see what other girls are trying to prove—going out with a different man every night. Maybe that's my small-town attitude, but that's the way I feel."

Anne Francis (# 6) is a twenty-year-old Mona Lisa type blonde with sudden flashes of spontaneous humor breaking through her poised reserve. A former cover girl and fashion model, Anne was the first child actress to have her own TV show when she was twelve. She was signed by Twentieth after having been seen in only one film, "So Young, So Bad." She literally plummeted into the title role in "Lydia Bailey" which was in turn followed by a featured role in "Elopement."

Red-headed Kenneth Tobey (#6) had done twenty-five Broadway plays at the time he came out to La Jolla to do a part for his old friend, Gregory Peck, who further suggested, "Why don't you stick around and try pictures for awhile?" Ken, who's been given a contract at RKO as a result of his performance in "The Thing," feels downright guilty sitting around waiting for the next vehicle. He likes to keep busy—"Even if it's just for $25 a week"—and during the time when he's afraid he isn't earning the big weekly stipend they pay him, he's pacing and hoping some miracle will get him the part of the newspaper reporter in Jerry Wald's "The Harder They Fall."

Rugged and romantic-looking Fernando Lamas (#7), with dark expressive eyes, youthful tanned face and gray-tinged hair, is a great star in his own country, South America. "But at first here in America, it was like starting all over again," he says. "I am touched to be picked. I have a very emotional feeling toward people in this country. You think of Hollywood as such a tremendous place at first—like a light on top of a mountain —and you keep thinking, 'How do I get up there?' But nobody here is a foreigner. That's what thrills you. If you have something to offer, they will back you with everything they have." And so has M-G-M.

He got star billing with his first, "The Law and the Lady" . . . "and I didn't even ask for that." Now Fernando is co-starring in "The Merry Widow" with Lana Turner. Then will come "Dangerous When Wet" with Esther Williams, "Three Love Stories" with Pier Angeli and a remake of "The Flesh and the Devil," with Ava Gardner.

Today television is a real talent scout. Red-haired, willowy Polly Bergen (#7), who goes from a sweet ballad to "honky tonking" with the greatest of vocal ease, was discovered on television and signed by Hal Wallis, where she's rapidly becoming distinguished as Hollywood's most indestructible actress, having survived three Martin and Lewis films—including "The Stooge"—thus far. Polly is Mrs. Jerome Courtland in private life.

From the Bronx, via "Mr. Roberts," came baby-faced, virile-voiced Bob Sherwood (#8). Bob ran away from home at the age of fifteen,"bummed" his way around the country, worked as a lifeguard, carhop and machinist and considers his background, "didn't necessarily make me a better actor—but it did make me a better person." He will be seen as the young killer in "It's a Big Country" at M-G-M.

Hal Wallis discovered Charlton Heston (#9) who, he says, "was born to be a star—he has everything it takes," on TV. Heston, from whom Wallis reportedly gets $75,000 for a loan-out, picked off the plum of the year when DeMille gave him the starring role of the circus manager in "The Greatest Show on Earth."

Bronx-bred Susan Cabot (#10), U-I's

"When you hear a guy say that a gal has no heart, it's fairly certain she has his."

KEEFE BRASSELLE

little black-eyed petite charmer, began singing at the age of seventeen at The Village Barn in Greenwich Village. She was discovered on TV, where she did a singing commercial. Since arriving in Hollywood, she has been given a contract at U-I and the lead opposite Jeff Chandler in "The Battle of Apache Pass."

Susan, who is divorced from an artist she married at the age of seventeen, wants the stability of a real home and children. "I want to give a child the things I didn't have and I want a husband to share all the wonderful things of life with me."

Robert Clarke (#10), a good-looking brunet of the gray-tweeds type, began his film career under contract to RKO. When his option was dropped, he worked in radio, got a couple of Broadway shows, then came back to Hollywood for Ida Lupino's "Outrage." Ida then signed him for "Hard, Fast and Beautiful." And after eight years of Oklahoma determination, Bob is clicking in films. Having just finished "Three Thousand A.D.," he has the title role in "Robin Hood." He was touched when he came in early from a date one night and found his dad and mother filling in a Photoplay ballot for him. "Everybody in the family must have sent one in," he grins. "This is a time when it really pays to have a lot of relatives."

Whatever the route, these winners have all dedicated themselves to show business as a form of self-expression—and to click or bust. They're intelligent, competent young people on and off the screen. They know where they're going, what they want to do, what they intend to be—the best. They're on their way up the golden stairs to stardom. And they want to thank all of you for helping anchor them on that first rung.

THE END



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(Continued from page 34)

Program Notes: *The mindfulness of little things that marks the better English films is emphasized again in the perfect type-casting regardless of box-office names. The work of Sidney James and Alfie Bass as a pair of accommodating crooks enhances the production despite the fact they are known to few fans outside England . . . Alec Guinness, the master of detail, dislikes being photographed in closeup and prefers full-figure shots. He claims the body can act better than the face and should be seen as often as possible. Spectacles and a little added hair were the only bits of make-up used by the star.*

✓½ (F) Reunion in Reno (U-I)

SENTIMENTAL and mildly entertaining with a brand new angle on the Reno divorce problem. Gigi Perreau asks Reno attorney Mark Stevens to secure her a divorce from her parents (Frances Dee and Leif Erickson) and enlists Mark's sympathy, as well as that of the girl he loves, Peggy Dow. They notify the parents that Gigi is in Reno instead of the Girl Scouts' camp she was headed for. The parents hurry to that "Biggest Little City in the World." There's a trial, to please the child, of course, with Gigi stating her case before Judge Ray Collins and all ending exactly as it should.

Your Reviewer Says: For family night.

Program Notes: *Mark Stevens, Peggy Dow and Gigi Perreau flew to Reno where most of the action was filmed, much to the delight of the local citizens, some of whom worked in the film as bit players . . . This was Mark's last film for awhile. As soon as the last scene was in the can, he began his twenty-eight-week schedule of headlining entertainment in hotel and supper clubs throughout the country . . . Handsome Joel McCrea drove round to the studio almost every evening after shooting to pick up the beauteous Frances Dee, his wife of sixteen years and the mother of his two sons.*

(F) Crosswinds (Paramount)

SORRY day for hero John Payne when he meets up with villain Forrest Tucker in this little movie that has more plot than a forest has trees. Adventure and action it has aplenty but when the story rambles from treasure hunting to forged papers to head hunters, with killings, double dealings and triple schemings thrown in, it's much too much to digest at one time.

Your Reviewer Says: Dirty work at the crosswinds.

Program Notes: *The small fishing village of Homosassa, Florida, near Tampa, provided the locale for the story and some mighty fine fishing for the visitors. John Payne caught the largest fish, thereby winning the $200 pool made up by both the natives and Hollywoodians. Rhonda Fleming became an expert but was never able to top Payne's catch . . . Robert Lowery had been touring the country with Jean Parker for a year and a half in "Born Yesterday" before traveling to Florida to make this picture.*

✓✓ (F) Submarine Command (Paramount)

A THRILLING story of submarine warfare and of the men who live or die encased in steel beneath the sea. William Holden gives a deeply convincing performance as the young submarine officer whose one day of command in actual combat results in the loss of the sub's commander, Jack Gregson, and quartermaster, Don Dunning. The war over, Holden marries his sweetheart, Nancy Olson, and takes a routine desk job with the Navy, but he constantly is plagued by the memory of his one day in action. This feeling, aggravated by the accusing attitude of the sub's chief torpedoman, William Bendix, becomes such a sore spot that Holden finally grows so surly and unreasonable, he loses the wife who loves him. Then come new orders that change his whole life—his old sub, the *Tiger Shark*, is ordered to Korean waters for a dangerous mission. Don Taylor plays a light-hearted Navy officer, Arthur Franz a lieutenant.

Your Reviewer Says: Emotional thriller.

Program Notes: *The crowding of camera, crew, director and actors into the confining space within a submarine chamber was the nearest Hollywood ever came to canning sardines. Actors were forever trampling on equipment and on each other . . . Holden, who spent four years in the Air Corps, claims the food served aboard a sub is not only the best in any branch of the service but best in the world. During the last week of shooting, Bendix had almost to be shoved through the conning-tower hatch, he'd gained that much on the ultra bill of fare.*

✓✓ (F) Close to My Heart (Warners)

THE tormenting doubts of a man concerning the wisdom of adopting a child of unknown parentage form the basis of this solidly knit and highly interesting story, with Ray Milland and Gene Tierney the couple eager for a child. Gene attempts to take over a foundling and finds she must run the long, patience-in-waiting route evolved as protection for both parent and child. When the baby is almost ready to be released to the pair, Ray, a newspaper columnist, begins writing of the infant, hoping to clear up its parentage. His probings eventually reveal the father—a hardened criminal. But Ray's doubting heart has in the meantime lost him the child, and it is only when his own thinking is righted through faith and love that happiness comes to the three of them.

Your Reviewer Says: Heartaches and joys of "adoptive" parents.

Program Notes: *An "adoptive" parent himself, having acquired by adoption three years ago a small daughter, Ray knew the waiting, wonder and joy involved. Gene, the mother of two little girls, felt right at home in her role of screen mother. A real commuter, Gene flew to New York (her ninth trip East in a year) and then on to Europe when the picture was ended . . . Baby John Winslow, not quite six months old, won the role of "Danny" over dozens of contenders by virtue of being judged the cutest, best behaved and best adjusted baby.*

Best Pictures of the Month

The Blue Veil
Behave Yourself
Detective Story
The Lavender Hill Mob
When Worlds Collide

Best Performances of the Month

Kirk Douglas in "Detective Story"
Jane Wyman in "The Blue Veil"

I'm Still Whistling

(*Continued from page* 64) if it did sound exactly like a gulp. And I remember I wondered what the pounding was all about. It was much later when I realized it was going on right inside my own chest.

Sometimes when I think back I get a little jealous of all the years I didn't know you. I wish I'd been around when you had those wide-eyed baby pictures taken. You were so solemn. But your mother says you weren't solemn at all.

I'd like to have carried your books when you were going to high school. I'll bet you were real cute then. Did you ever wear sweaters? Your mother says you weren't good at geometry when you were in school. That's probably why you couldn't figure it out when Billy Rose offered you only forty dollars a week to star in his Aquacade. But when he raised it to $175 you understood him all right.

And that time you made a screen test with Clark Gable. I wonder if I'd have been jealous every time Gable kissed you. Maybe I'd have been laughing so hard it wouldn't have made any difference. I hear you were really scared!

BUT don't think I'm complaining. I haven't known you all your life, but I've had my share of years and they've been wonderful! So many good memories . . .

Like our honeymoon at Acapulco, Mexico. Our room looked out at one of the most beautiful harbors in the world. There was a moon, too. Remember? When the dance music stopped playing we walked along the quiet beach and I tried out the new words I had learned in Mexican. *Yo te amo, querida. Yo te quiero.* My accent wasn't pure Castilian, but you understood what I was trying to say.

We took off our shoes and danced on the deserted sands that were still warm from the Mexican sun. Little waves caught at our toes and we splashed like a couple of kids. Then we had to go for a swim.

There have been many high spots since then, and a low spot here and there, naturally. Especially the time we lost our first baby and were faced with the tragic thought that we might be denied any children. But not long after that Benjie came along and made things right again.

And we had some hilarious moments when we were first suspicious that perhaps Kimmie was on the way. The studio had asked us to wait at least two years before having another baby. And the doctor had suggested it would be a good idea. But old man stork wasn't cooperative.

We were in Hawaii. You had just started to shoot "Pagan Love Song." We weren't absolutely sure so we didn't tell a soul.

Then I had to come home on business. So we agreed on the code word "Frances." When I talked to you on the telephone I'd say, "How's Frances?" And you'd say, "Fine. But there's no definite news yet."

We were talking via short-wave radio and of course hundreds of people could listen in. When we kept mentioning "Frances" I guess somebody got suspicious. For one morning I read in Louella Parsons' column: "Ben and Esther are expecting a little brother for Benjie." So I got the news about my own son from Louella's column. How do you like that?

Well, it's time to bring this to a close. You and the children have been in bed for hours. The house is quiet. I'll just look in and see that Kimmie is covered and then call it a night.

Thanks for all the memories, darling. Thanks for being a good cook and a wonderful mother, thanks especially for marrying me. And thanks for being such a beautiful pin up. Here's whistling at you!

All my love, Ben.



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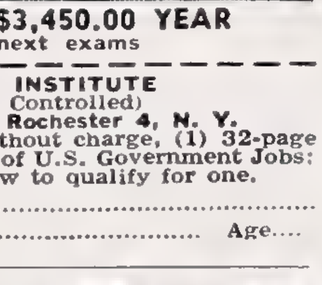
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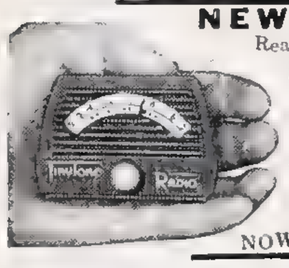
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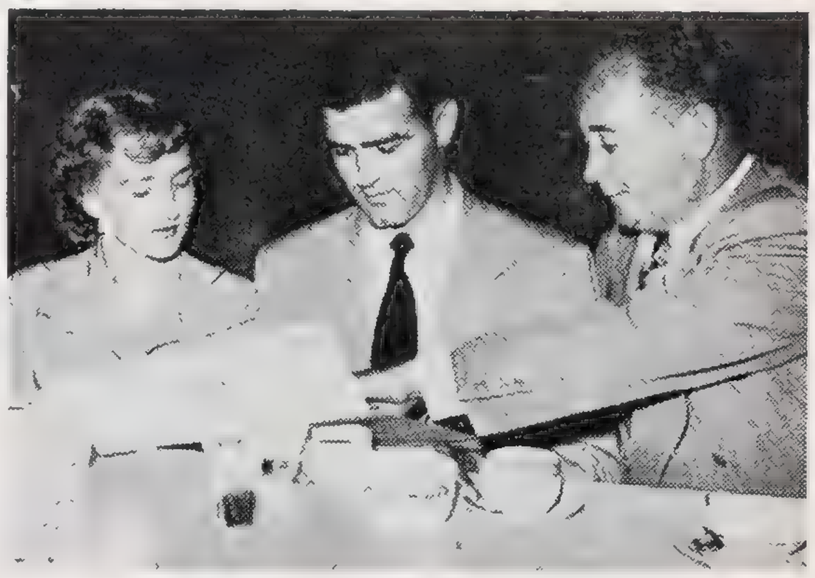
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At lunch in Paramount commissary, Mrs. Margaret Allen, winner of Greyhound bus trip to Hollywood, chats with Roy Rogers, who has role in Bob Hope picture "Son of Paleface"





At Tallyho Restaurant, Margaret and husband Robert are guided menuwards by host LaVon. Right, maitre d' *Johnny Olgin whips up Hotel Wilton Sky Room specialty for Allens and hotel catering manager, Ernest Glaser*



Margaret at Ocean House, Marion Davies' former home, with Janine Perreau of "Three in Bedroom C," Gigi Perreau of "Oh Money, Money" and Audrey Totter, now entertaining in Korea. Below, owner-chef Jean Charles Birgy gives Allens personal attention at Malibu Rendezvous



PRIZE TOUR

On a headline holiday with the Robert Allens, winners of Photoplay's Travel Contest

Should Rita Change?

(*Continued from page* 46) as chauffeur, butler, bodyguard and what have you. Rita paid $112 a day for her bungalow, and spent most of the time sunbathing on the sun porch. Girls from the beauty salon gave her pedicures, manicures and hair-dos on the sun porch, not to interrupt her sun bathing. All her meals were served in the bungalow and Room Service reported her as "most gracious."

Then, just before Rita went back to Nevada, she leased lawyer David Tannenbaums' three-acre estate on Alpine Drive —which cost her per month what the hotel had cost per week (with an option to buy). She hauled out of storage her silver, dishes, linens, books, records and favorite pieces of furniture.

It looks as if Rita intends to stay a while —in spite of what she told a reporter in Nevada. Said Rita at that time, "Naturally, wherever I went with my husband I was constantly being interviewed, and that is why it's good to be in Nevada away from all that. I like it so much, I intend to stay here after the divorce. I really do."

In Nevada Rita also told photographer Bob Landry, "I'm going back to work to care for myself and my family. I haven't any overwhelming desire, really, to be an actress any more."

She made no bones about the fact that her bank balance was depressingly low.

DURING her fabulous fling with Prince Aly Khan, thirty-two-year-old Rita became a well-publicized international figure. Just like Barbara Hutton and Doris Duke. Barbara blows her nose and it's news. Doris eats a macaroon and it's news. Just so with Rita; everything she did made the gossip columns, often the headlines. But there's a difference! Barbara and Doris are "poor little rich girls"; Rita is a "poor little famed girl." Barbara and Doris have had to care not a whit what the public thought of them. Whatever they may do will affect in no way their positions in society or their fantastic incomes. If the public reprimands them after a naughty escapade, all they have to do is shrug and say, "Drop dead."

Rita, on the other hand, is neither economically nor socially secure. Her father didn't strike it rich. The money she worked hard for as a screen star has been spent. She has to care what the public thinks of her actions.

All of which is why, at least until her divorce is final, Rita is doing no romancing of any kind. She, or her advisers, feel she might easily estrange her public. No one, apparently, is quite sure what the public reaction towards her is, after her international romance with her Moslem prince, their much publicized marriage, the equally publicized birth of Yasmine on December 28th, 1949, and their divorce less than two years later.

Rita, who needs public favor now in order to insure that big, fat salary of $6,500 a week, figured out this equation fifteen years ago, about the time she was being promoted from B to A pictures.

"I hate this glass-house treatment," she said to an interviewer. "Makes you feel like a race horse in a paddock before the race. Everybody's hoping you're going to win." And then she hastily added, "But it would be even worse if they didn't care whether you won or not."

Naturally a number of the Hollywood eligibles called Rita when she arrived in Hollywood, among them Kirk Douglas. But she dated none of them. When someone asked her whom she was dating, she said, "I'm only dating married couples."

The reported Gilbert Roland dating, which was given so much space in the

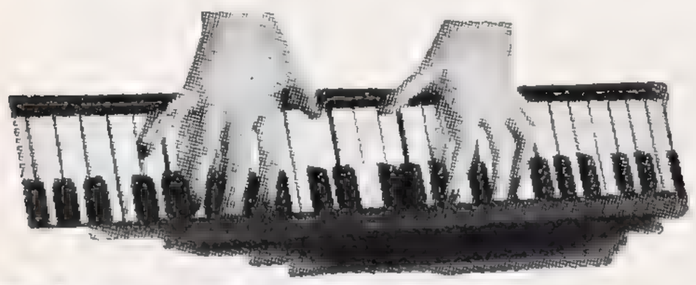






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local columns—wasn't. Gilbert came by the bungalow one afternoon with toys for the children. Rita made her first screen test with Gilbert when she signed at Fox studios ages ago. They've been casual friends ever since. A few days later, he dropped by again "just to say hello." According to a close friend of Rita's, that's all there was to that.

Rita was never a girl to sit at home nights. She's passionately fond of dancing. And she has never made any secret of the fact that she likes men. So she must have found those pre-divorce days and nights a real ordeal. But she was determined, for the sake of her career, not to do anything to offend the American public. Does Rita's public want her to conduct herself in this—for her certainly—most unnatural way? We wonder. We think everyone expects Romance of Rita. Already people all over the country are speculating on whom Rita will date now.

Well, it's a cinch she won't start romances with any of the boys she dated between her divorces in the past—Tony Martin, Victor Mature, Ted Stauffer and Howard Hughes, among them. Tony is married to Cyd Charisse, Victor to a Pasadena girl, Ted to Hedy Lamarr and Howard Hughes to his new plane. (They say during the Hughes-Hayworth romance that Hughes found Rita's continual dancing just a little too strenuous. One night Rita kept him hoofing four solid hours. "Never saw such a beat-up character," reported a press agent.)

THERE isn't much new talent in town. Of course, there's always Greg Bautzer, our glamorous attorney, who dances as efficiently as he draws up his "Whereases." In the past few years Greg has escorted such lovelies as Dorothy Lamour, Lana Turner, Ginger Rogers, Joan Crawford and Jane Wyman. How did Rita happen to miss him? Or vice versa.

Rita had the reputation of working harder than anyone in the industry except Bette Davis, but when a picture is over Rita is ready to play. She and Orson Welles got on beautifully while they were both working. But when Rita had finished her picture and was ready to play, Orson kept on working. If he had taken time off to dance with his wife, friends think they'd still be married. Rita always has had a fondness for Orson.

Rita's close friends, who strangely enough are Orson's friends, say Rita has made it quite clear that she wants no more international playboys in her life. She's had it. "The next time she marries," one of these friends said recently, "and Rita will marry again, she'll want someone who talks her language. Someone in the movie industry, though not necessarily an actor. But he'll have to work."

When Rita filed for divorce on September first in Reno she charged her thirty-seven-year-old Moslem Prince with "extreme cruelty, entirely mental in character." This caused her "great unhappiness, and injured her general health."

The "extreme cruelty, entirely mental in character" undoubtedly stems from Aly's gambling, reckless driving, and extra-curricular girl friends. Aly's gambling, though perhaps not on the grandiose scale of King Farouk's, wasn't far from it. Aly, who drove his cars like a madman, fairly scared the daylights out of Rita. She used to be a familiar and lovely sight driving along Sunset Boulevard in her canary-colored Lincoln convertible at a conservative twenty-five miles an hour.

Shortly before Rita filed for divorce she said, "Living with Aly at the Chateau de l'Horizon was like living in a hotel. The house had twelve bedrooms, and they were always full. Aly's friends are very necessary to him, and he wants them constantly around him. He can't help being the way he is, that's how he always has lived. And I can't help being the way I am. I happen to like being alone with my family."

The American public, particularly those who were somewhat horrified at Rita's cavortings with a married man (Aly was married at the time the Great Infatuation started), will be very pleased with Rita's desire to settle down with her little family. But Rita needn't overdo. No one wants to see pictures of Rita, the glamorous, cooking oatmeal for the children or hanging out the family wash. There's no need for her to be "the girl next door." Her tons of glamour makes her rather unique among the stars of today. It is the quality which shot Rita to the peaks of stardom. And now is the time for her again to turn it on full force.

IT WAS husband number one, Eddie Judson, who persuaded Rita to invest almost her entire salary in clothes. She could loll around the house in her blue jeans and sloppy moccasins, said Mr. Judson, but every Saturday night she must dress to the teeth and go on a tour of night clubs where the "right people" would see her. One of the "right people," producer Harry Cohn, saw her, and signed her. The publicity department eagerly backed up Judson in his glamour campaign, and soon Rita, though a little lazy about it, was sold on the idea. Her prime function, she agreed, was to be glamorous. In 1941 she told an interviewer that she squandered her salary, $3,000 weekly, on dresses, shoes and chocolates.

When Rita returned last summer from her international binge in Europe she had with her only four bags of clothes. "I don't think I have six dresses to my name," she told a friend. She jumped into old blue jeans, moccasins, and photographers snapped her looking anything but glamorous. The public complained bitterly.

The man who had much to do with making Rita a glamorous personality in the past is Columbia's talented designer, Jean Louis. He is now ready to do his part towards wooing the American public back to the shrine of their "love goddess." When the locale of her come-back picture is decided upon he will design the clothes she will wear. The picture is tentatively called "The Hayworth Picture," and it's all very hush-hush. But, according to the studio grapevine, it will be like "Gilda"—one of the most sexy films Hollywood ever produced. Jean Louis reports Rita's measurements are just as delightful as they were when he worked with her last in 1948: height, 5'6"; weight, 120 pounds; bust, 36"; waist, 26"; hips, 36"; thigh, 19"; calf, 14"; ankle 9".

Last March, Igor Cassini, as Cholly Knickerbocker, named the ten worst-dressed women of 1951. "The cake this year goes to the beautiful and glamorous Princess Aly Kahn, formerly Rita Hayworth of the films," wrote Mr. Cassini. "Rita is not only overdressed, she also adds a touch of sloppiness here and there—and the two things don't seem to mix." It was enough to make Jean Louis wince. Well, when he gets his hands on Rita again, there'll be no sloppiness about her.

Rita was known as the Princess of American Glamour before she became the Princess of Aly Khan. And there has been no one to change her title since she went away. So it seems reasonable to assume the public will be far more intrigued if Rita remains glamorous. We think even her attorney's advice to "act like a normal American girl" wasn't too good. Rita never has been a normal American girl. Also we doubt whether anyone expects or wants her to be.

THE END

John Serves His Term

(*Continued from page* 15) He was as pleased as Loretta about the letters and wires she had brought him. "Makes you feel good—to know people are for you," he said.

The day before, John had been slinging a sledge hammer—"just weighs fifteen pounds but when you sling it all day, you can feel it in your arm. Your golf arm."

At night he had been introduced to the grand old game of pinochle. "They play a lot of it here. And sometimes a few of us drift off somewhere and sing."

John, who had been studying with a vocal coach, hurried back from his tour to test with Mitzi Gaynor for Twentieth's musical, "I Don't Care." It would have been a great break. But on the day he was to have made tests, he was sentenced.

"It was a disappointment. But you have to take disappointments," he said. "It's what you learn from them that counts."

At the Wayside Honor Farm he had come into contact with men of all classes, colors, creeds and crimes. "Some you know are wrong guys," he agreed. "You feel sure they will be here again. Others you know can't help themselves. They will be back too. The rest never will be back. They have done something wrong. They are paying for it. And that will be all."

Regarding the future, John says, "I just want to work. Radio appearances, records; movies—action pictures, musicals, dramas, anything. When I come out I don't want to sit around."

He will have a good friend in his wife when he comes out. She will be, as she is now, rooting in his corner. On the way home she told me how they met—a year and a half before they had married. They had dated often but John, with a "driving while intoxicated" charge against him, had hesitated to make marriage plans. When John was making personal appearances in Chicago she was there visiting a girl friend. He sang "I'm Glad There's You." His baritone voice seemed beamed right at her That did it. Three days after John's return to Hollywood, they flew to Las Vegas. While they waited for additional funds to be wired from Hollywood, they had lunched, with wedding champagne. The clerk at the city hall, smelling the wine, had at first refused to issue them a license. Later, however, understanding, she even had served as a witness. But in the meantime, there had been more headlines.

We traveled slowly on the way home. "I wish he were coming home with us," Loretta said. "Home with me," her look added.

When John does come home he and Loretta will, unless all signs fail, accept the fact that the past has had its compensations and face the future as a welcome challenge. THE END

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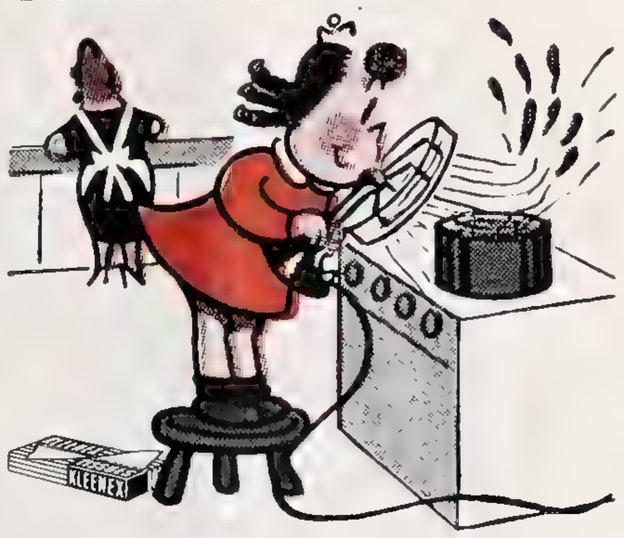
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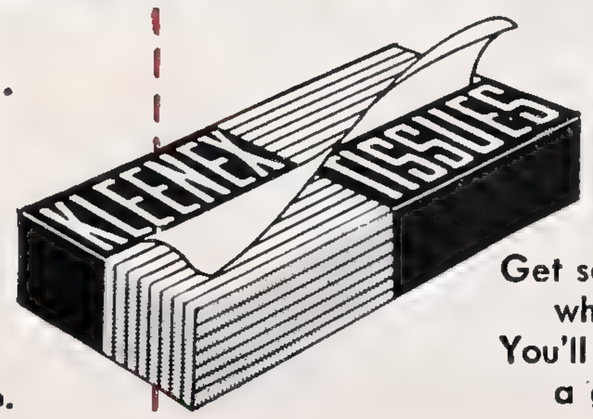
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CAVE OF OUTLAWS—U-I: *Pete Carver,* Macdonald Carey; *Liz Trent,* Alexis Smith; *Dobbs,* Edgar Buchanan; *Ben Cross,* Victor Jory; *Garth,* Hugh O'Brian; *Cooley,* Houseley Stevenson; *Job Delancey,* Charles Horvath; *Jed Delancey,* Jimmy Van Horn; *Jones,* Tim Graham; *Whitey,* Clem Fuller.

CLOSE TO MY HEART—Warners: *Brad Sheridan,* Ray Milland; *Midge Sheridan,* Gene Tierney; *Mrs. Morrow,* Fay Bainter; *E. O. Frost,* Howard St. John; *Arlene,* Mary Beth Hughes; *Mrs. Barker,* Ann Morrison; *Evarts Heilner,* James Seay; *Baby John Winslow,* himself; *Taxi Driver,* Eddie Marr.

COME FILL THE CUP—Warners: *Lew Marsh,* James Cagney; *Paula Copeland,* Phyllis Thaxter; *John Ives,* Raymond Massey; *Charley Dolan,* James Gleason; *Boyd Copeland,* Gig Young; *Dolly Copeland,* Selena Royle; *Julian Cuscaden,* Larry Keating; *Maria Diego,* Charlita; *Lennie Garr,* Sheldon Leonard; *Ike Bashaw,* Douglas Spencer; *Don Bell,* John Kellogg; *Hal Ortman,* William Bakewell; *Travis Ashbourne, III,* John Alvin.

CROSSWINDS—Paramount: *Steve Singleton,* John Payne; *Katherine Shelley,* Rhonda Fleming; *Jumbo Johnson,* Forrest Tucker; *Nick Brandon,* Robert Lowery; *Sir Cecil Daubrey,* Alan Mowbray; *Sykes,* John Abbott; *Bumidai,* Frank Kumagai.

DECISION BEFORE DAWN—20th Century-Fox: *Lt. Rennick,* Richard Basehart; *Col. Devlin,* Gary Merrill; *Happy,* Oskar Werner; *Hilde,* Hildegarde Neff; *Monique,* Dominique Blanchar; *Oberst Von Ecker,* O. E. Hasse; *SS Man Scholtz,* Wilfried Seyfert; *Tiger,* Hans Christian Blech; *Fraulein Schneider,* Helene Thimig; *Paul,* Robert Freytag.

DETECTIVE STORY—Paramount: *Det. James McLeod,* Kirk Douglas; *Mary McLeod, his wife,* Eleanor Parker; *Det. Lou Brody,* his partner, William Bendix; *A shoplifter,* Lee Grant; *Det. Dakis,* Bert Freed; *Det. Gallagher,* Frank Faylen; *Det. Callahan,* William Phillips; *Det. O'Brien,* Grandon Rhodes; *Joe Feinson,* Luis Van Rooten; *Susan Carmichael,* Cathy O'Donnell; *Lt. Monaghan,* Horace McMahon; *Endicott Sims,* Warner Anderson; *Karl Schneider,* George MacReady; *Charles Gennini,* Joseph Wiseman; *Lewis Abbot,* Michael Strong; *Patrolman Barnes,* Russell Evans; *Patrolman Keogh,* Howard Joslyn; *Miss Hatch,* Gladys George; *Willy, the janitor,* Burt Mustin; *Mr. Pritchett,* James Maloney.

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LAVENDER HILL MOB, THE—Rank-U.A.: *Holland,* Alec Guinness; *Pendlebury,* Stanley Holloway; *Lackery,* Sidney James; *Shorty,* Alfie Bass; *Mrs. Chalk,* Marjorie Fielding; *Miss Evesham,* Edie Martin; *Parkin,* John Salew; *Turner,* Ronald Adam; *Wallis,* Arthur Hambling; *Godwin,* Gibb McLaughlin; *Farrow,* John Gregson; *Station Sergeant,* Clive Morton; *Clayton,* Sidney Tafler; *Cafe Proprietor,* Frederick Piper; *Joe the Gab,* Peter Bull; *Craggs,* Patric Doonan; *Senora Gallardo,* Marie Burke; *Chiquita,* Audrey Hepburn; *Gregory,* William Fox; *British Ambassador,* Michael Trubshawe.

RAGING TIDE—U-I: *Bruno Felkin,* Richard Conte; *Connie Thatcher,* Shelley Winters; *Det. Lieut. Kelsey,* Stephen McNally; *Hamil Linder,* Charles Bickford; *Carl Linder,* Alex Nicol; *General Ball,* Jesse White; *Barney Schriona,* Tito Vuolo; *Corky Mullins,* John McIntire; *Mr. Fancy,* Pepito Perez; *Houlihan,* John "Skins" Miller; *Spade-Face,* Robert O'Neil.

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SON OF DR. JEKYLL—Columbia: *Edward,* Louis Hayward; *Lynn,* Jody Lawrence; *Curtis Lanyon,* Alexander Knox; *John Utterson,* Lester Matthews; *Richard Daniels,* Gavin Muir; *Inspector Stoddard,* Paul Cavanagh; *Michaels,* Rhys Williams; *Lottie Sarelle,* Doris Lloyd; *Hazel Sarelle,* Claire Carleton; *Joe Sarelle,* Patrick O'Moore;

SUBMARINE COMMAND—Paramount: *Commander White,* William Holden; *Carol,* Nancy Olson; *C.P.O. Boyer,* William Bendix; *Lt. Commander Peter Morris,* Don Taylor; *Lt. Carlson,* Arthur Franz; *Ensign Wheelwright,* Darryl Hickman; *Mrs. Alice Rice,* Peggy Webber; *Rear Admiral Joshua Rice,* Moroni Olsen; *Commander Rice,* Jack Gregson; *Lt. Barton,* Jack Kelly; *Quartermaster Perkins,* Don Dunning; *Sergeant Gentry,* Jerry Pris.

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THE REAL CARUSO



Mario Lanza wasn't born in 1918 when the great Enrico Caruso appeared in the silent movie, "My Cousin," with Caroline White. After this experience, Caruso decided to return to the operatic field for good

The New Clift Cut

(*Continued from page* 57) years of enjoying the best restaurants and their excellent food, the subtle flattery that velvet-cushions your way when you're well known, the sense of security that comes with a cozy bank account—all these things have worked together to give him a different aura and some different ways.

I had chicken pot-pie and a mixed salad for lunch, with French bread and Brie cheese, wine and Italian coffee—all the things I know he likes. And, pleased that I had remembered, he sat back, relaxed and happy. It doesn't take much to induce happiness in Monty. He's more than willing to be happy.

"I like your room!" he said. "I've really got to get at my flat. I started sandpapering my bookshelves, but somehow a morning passes and I have done nothing but read the books I've taken down. I'm lazy. . .

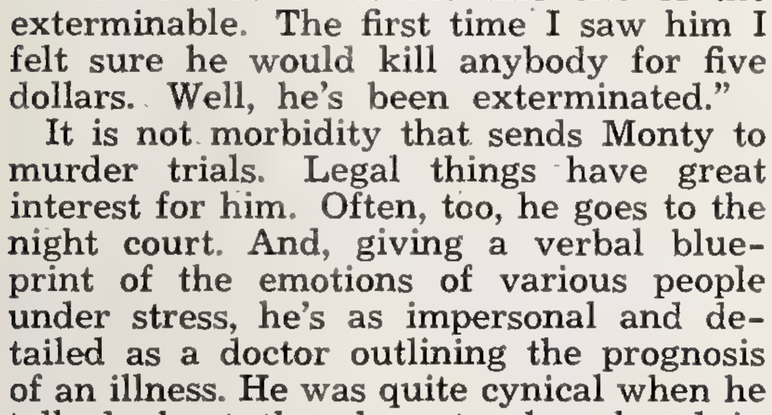
"I've read a lot of the philosophers. I remember, the last time I was here, you talked about Socrates. (I had mentioned Socrates only in passing but he had not forgotten.) So I had a go with Socrates. But it's Aristotle I like. He believed in happiness, calls it the 'gentle art of the soul.'"

IT IS two years now since "A Place in the Sun" was finished. During this time Monty has not worked. "I've done some traveling," he said, "a lot of sailing. Next week I'm going on another cruise; I'll 'crew' on a friend's ketch." There was no explanation about the friend. He isn't the confiding kind. But, putting little things together, I know one person who was on that ketch, I think. I'll come to her later.

"I haven't played nearly as much tennis as I would have liked to," Monty went on. "Somehow the girls I like don't like tennis. . . . And I've spent quite a lot of time in court. I went to the trial of the 'Lonely Hearts' killers. Martha Beck, I thought, was obviously a glandular case. Fernandez looked to me like one of the exterminable. The first time I saw him I felt sure he would kill anybody for five dollars. Well, he's been exterminated."

It is not morbidity that sends Monty to murder trials. Legal things have great interest for him. Often, too, he goes to the night court. And, giving a verbal blueprint of the emotions of various people under stress, he's as impersonal and detailed as a doctor outlining the prognosis of an illness. He was quite cynical when he talked about the character he played in "A Place in the Sun." He was convinced that if the youth had not fallen in love with Elizabeth Taylor it would have been someone else.

He said: "The little things Shelley did, all unconsciously, the things that were



THE GIRL seen most often with Monty Clift lately—Judy Balaban, above with Monty, Master of Ceremonies Warren Hull, at "A Place in the Sun" premiere

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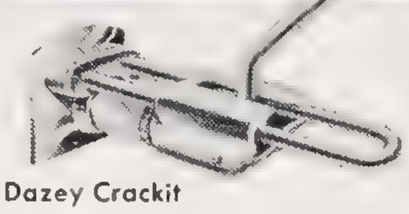
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Gets Out Whole Kernels



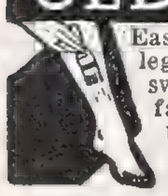
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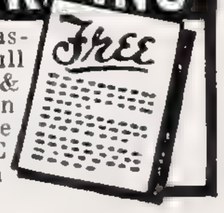


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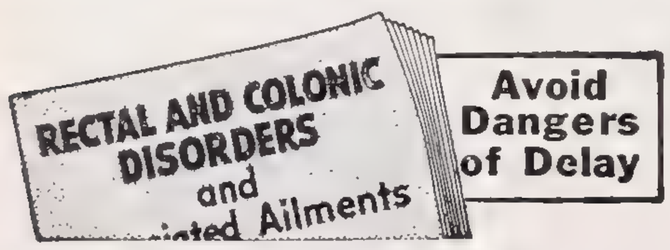
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piece and parcel of her and her background would have built up—one on top of the other—until they became a mountain of irritation.

"Eventually, too—inevitably—the boy I played would have fallen in love with a girl with the lovely smoothness that comes with wealth and social position. He was conditioned to do this from his childhood when he made up his mind to get away from the ugly life he then knew."

I asked if he liked Elizabeth herself. He raised his eyes in eloquent admiration. "Any guy would!" He laughed. "She's everything a guy wants; beautiful, warm, gay—yet also sensitive, also poignant. . . ."

When I had heard that Monty was going to do this new version of Theodore Dreiser's novel, "An American Tragedy." I had thought it a pity, and said as much to him. I did not see how this tragedy ever could be made into a successful movie or how Monty could fail to estrange at least his younger public. I did not reckon with the great artistry of George Stevens, the producer-director.

"He got the best performances all of us were capable of giving," Monty says quietly—the way you say a thing when you know the person you are praising to be secure without your praise. "He never tried to make any one of us say or do anything that seemed unnatural to us.

"It's time I went back to work," Monty continued, "as soon as I've done all the things Paramount needs me to do for publicity on 'Place.' But I've enjoyed this long holiday. Not that I want to sound arty, but acting—especially in a picture like 'Place'—takes a lot out of you. Your body, after all, doesn't know you're pretending when you get white and emotional."

ANOTHER change I noticed in Monty. When we had lunched before, he had had me arrange for him to be let out the service entrance. He was driven and harassed by the groups of boys and girls who trailed him and who, that day, waited patiently at the main door. He talks of his public now as if they were the human beings they are. On his way to see me, in fact, he had stopped to talk at length with a truck driver who had recognized him. He's a much more relaxed, much less defensive fellow than he used to be.

Ask anyone who works with Monty about him and the answer comes the same. "I like him," they say as if they did not think you expected them to like him at all. They don't say, "He's a doll!" And they don't say, "He's wonderful to work with, so cooperative." For he's neither of these things. More than once he's refused to approve a story in which the things he was quoted as saying were colored or twisted. "But," say the publicity people in defense of Monty, "he always makes sense. He has his ideas of what he should and shouldn't do—and he sticks to them. You can't blame a man for that!"

It takes weeks to get him to agree to go to a photographer's studio. And, likely enough, if anything that promises to be more fun or more stimulating turns up, the first one or two appointments will be broken. But when he does appear he works like a Trojan. He'll go down to the docks to pose. Interested in a new lens or theory with which the photographer is experimenting he'll spend an extra hour or two posing, in a laboratory sense, a willing guinea pig. Always, too, he wanders into the dark room to gab with the boys.

A year ago, gabbing in the dark room of a New York photographer, he talked to one of the boys about a flannel shirt he had bought. "It doesn't fit me. I'll never wear it. But I think it might be right for you, if you'd like it."

When a few weeks passed and no shirt arrived, the dark-room boy decided he'd never see it, that Monty had changed his mind or forgotten. Monty forgets like an elephant. Months later, arriving at this studio for another sitting, he had the shirt slung over his arm. He offered it with no apology for the time lapse, simply a laconic "Hope it fits." Monty, I suspect, thinks most of us are ridiculous slaves to time.

ALWAYS when I see Monty I am reminded of Katie Hepburn. They have the same strange green-gray eyes which they direct straight at you, the same autocratic nose, the same at once casual and purposeful ways. They are alike, too, in personality. Both are determined to maintain their privacy. To this end they move like crabs or diplomats. You think they are coming towards you and they are going sidewise. You don't think they are coming towards you and they are right in front of you.

It will be fascinating if, as they plan, they do "Hamlet" together on Broadway. I hope, however, they will have a persuasive, able, firm director. Otherwise their mutual intellectual curiosity and overwhelming desire to put theories to the test is likely to bog down their production.

Speaking again of the change in Monty, he has over the years been seen in public with only one girl and only this girl's name—Myra Letts—ever has been associated with his. Miss Letts is not, in a strict sense of the word, a glamour girl. She goes about hatless, her dark hair rumpled, wearing a great sports coat. It has been said, among other things, that she is brilliant and stimulating and that she acts as Monty's dramatic coach. Monty has confirmed or denied nothing.

This past summer, however, Monty has not been seen with Miss Letts. He has been seen instead with young, attractive Judy Balaban, whose father is president of Paramount Pictures. More than once he and Judy have been seen walking up Fifth Avenue late at night, hand in hand, window-shopping. In a Sherlock Holmes mood I find it significant that Judy returned from a cruise at the same time Monty got back from crewing on that ketch. And it was Judy whom Monty took to the New York premiere of "A Place in the Sun" at which time—to make all of this more interesting and certainly more unusual—they posed together willingly for the photographers.

Success, as I said before, rubs off on people. So far it has made Monty more tolerant—more tolerant, among other things, of the ways of the world. By the same token, more attractive. But I doubt success ever will become Monty's master, drive him endlessly, as it can and does too often. Always, I think, Monty will take time out for living. Because, with his quick interest and his capacity for happiness he likely, always, will find life good.

THE END

IS MARIO LANZA HOLLYWOOD'S BIGGEST HEADACHE?

Hedda Hopper comes up with some surprising answers in

January PHOTOPLAY—on sale December 12.

June—and the Familiar Stranger

(*Continued from page* 59) know it'll be a happy birthday. Evvie's giving me a party. We'll look forward to seeing you both then on the first."

Evvie spoke to her dad, hung up and eyed the small figure opposite. "Daddy said you had all the details, so he wouldn't repeat them. Give—"

June was smiling. "He speaks with a Southern accent, did you notice, Ev?"

"Why not? He's been living in Memphis for twelve years."

"I wonder," said June, far off again, "what he'll look like. Twelve years is a lot of years."

EVVIE and June, ten and eleven when their parents broke up, had felt as if they'd been torn down the middle. Dorothy, several years older, understood things better but to the younger girls, life without both parents seemed unimaginable. Mother was the constant center of their little world. Daddy, traveling for National Carbon and Carbide, had to be away a lot; but when he came home, everything turned gayer and more exciting. He had a dry humor that made them giggle, and a disposition that nothing could rile. He played the piano and sang and took them all dancing at Alt Park. First he'd dance with Mother, then with each of the girls.

Deep in their hearts, the girls hoped at first that Mother and Daddy would get together again—a hope that died when Daddy married Florence. They rarely talked about it. Even as youngsters they realized that what couldn't be helped had best be left unhashed.

Marie and Fred Stovenour faced the reality of their rift with regret, without rancor, but chiefly with the determination that their children should suffer as little as possible. Summers and holidays were to be spent with Daddy. Far from trying to push him out of their lives, Mother did all she could to bring him close. Casually, she managed to keep him in the picture. "Your father would be proud of you, June—" "Evvie, you sound just like your dad—" Dad, when occasion arose, referred just as naturally to Mother. Between them, they eased the first tension and pain.

"Be sure to make Florence feel comfortable," Mother always said when she packed the girls off on a visit. They knew what she meant. They'd been taught courtesy and fairmindedness. It wasn't easy for Florence. To take their unhappiness out on her would be wrong. In addition, she was a lovely person. They liked her.

One day stands etched in their memories for its mingled experience. "Florence," said Evvie, "is going to have a baby—"

June gasped. "Who told you?"

"Nobody. She's just getting fat."

"Lots of people get fat."

Though they'd outgrown the cabbage-patch stage, both were rather naive than otherwise. That Evvie, a mere child of eleven, could possibly know what she was talking about, her twelve-year-old sister refused to believe. Yet a vague uneasiness persisted and, candor being one of the Stovenour ways, she went to Daddy. "You know, Evvie said a funny thing today. She said Florence was going to have a baby. Isn't that silly?"

"No, it's true. She is."

June's heart plummeted. Only then did she realize how much she'd been counting on Daddy to laugh it off. Even Evvie, standing by, looked lost for a moment. Evvie was the airy one, always turning things into a joke, laughing so she wouldn't cry. June's feelings showed more. Both stood helplessly silent now.

"I want to tell you something you mustn't forget. It's true that you're going to have a little sister or brother, and that I'll love it. But nothing can change my love for you. Nobody else can take your place with me."

The baby was three months old in the summer of '39 when Daddy's company transferred him to Memphis. The younger girls went down for a month. Unwilling to leave Mother alone, Dorothy elected to stay behind.

What they remember of that distant summer is a hodgepodge of unrelated events and feelings. How June, being older, handled the finances of the trip, with Evvie asking politely at intervals: "Am I getting a dime for every dime you're getting?" The panic when they couldn't find Daddy at first in the station crowd, and the relief of hearing his voice calling their names. The motor trip when they picked cotton and Daddy taught them to play poker with license plates. Florence's kindness and the way she always referred to little Freddie as "Your brother." And of course the goodbyes that finally had to end it. Trying to salve the pangs of separation by thinking of the next time, happily unaware that it was to be twelve years off.

Many factors combined to keep them apart. Money was not too plentiful. Then Mother re-married. Not that Pop, as they called their stepfather, could take Daddy's place. They loved him for not trying to, but for making a place of his own instead. Then Twentieth Century-Fox discovered June. She was just fifteen when they moved to California. In Memphis little Bobby was born the same year. At three, he contracted polio. Despite operations, he still uses braces and crutches.

As correspondents, none of them rated high, but they kept in touch with each other by phone and wire. When they talked of meeting, it was always "Maybe next year," till the hurrying years had piled up to a dozen. And now at last Florence and Daddy were coming.

"Look," said June, "it'll be like a second honeymoon for them. Let's find them an apartment."

The apartment when they found it looked so pretty that Evvie promptly offered to swap for the duration. June took her to lunch instead, and they laid plans.

"Ev, suppose we were coming out here for the first time, what would we like to do most?"

"Go through a studio, see the footprints at Grauman's Chinese, dance at the Cocoanut Grove, eat at the Beachcombers."

"But the very first night," June said, "I'll cook them a fried chicken dinner at my apartment."

Under the talk and laughter, the stir of anticipation, the fun of lining things up, ran a submerged current of anxiety. When they told Mother, she reacted in character—calm for herself, pleased for them, wishful that they should show their guests a good time. Only how would it be when Mother and Daddy met? Ghosts of the old heartache rose—the divided loyalties, the dread of hurting either parent—ghosts that made them feel a little like lost children again.

A car with Tennessee plates pulled up in front of Evvie's apartment. A few seconds later another car drove up. The girl inside, catching sight of two strange yet familiar figures unloading bags, turned her wheel fast and whisked into the driveway. Through Evvie's back door she came, lugging a huge basket. "Here's your chicken and salad and strawberries."

"*My* chicken?"

"You'll have to cook dinner. I'm taking

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Mother to the hospital. And Evvie, they're outside. They'll be here any second."

"*Who's* outside? What's Mother doing in the hospital?"

"Nothing serious. I sent the doctor over on account of that pain she had. He wants her to go in for a check-up. Ev, Daddy looks exactly the same."

"How do you know?"

"I saw him. But I got kind of shy and sneaked around the back way."

The front doorbell rang. Evvie opened it to their visitors. Through the flurry of greetings, she tried to maintain her poise. June was nervous, and showed it. She'd wanted everything so nice. Now, instead of hospitality, she had explanations to offer. About Mother. About Dorothy who couldn't be there because of the two babies. It was Dad who cleared the air. They can't remember what he said, and the words didn't matter. All they knew was that suddenly the tension lifted.

THEY did all the things they planned, but the high spots were these:

Dinner at the Bel-Air, with champagne to celebrate their re-union. Dad brought an album along, filled with snapshots of the girls when they were little, and the evening was given over to reminiscences.

"I remember how you used to wash your hands."

"Doesn't everyone?"

"Everyone's way is a little different. I remember how you shaved. And the extra funny faces you'd make on purpose."

"I remember Gorgy-porgy."

"What on earth?" asked Florence.

"He'd fix crackers with syrup for us, or bread and milk, and to make it more interesting, he'd give it some silly name. Like Gorgy-porgy—"

"Remember our arguments in the back seat, Ev?"

"How could I forget? You never looked to see whom you were disciplining, Dad. 'Be quiet,' you'd say, and back flopped the hand. It always caught me."

"Ev and I fixed you, though. Whenever we felt an argument coming on, we'd slide to the floor where you couldn't reach us."

The first time they danced with him was at the Beverly Hills Hotel. But for June the years dissolved, running into one another, as Dad's arms went 'round her. It was here and now, yet it was far away and long ago too, and she was a little girl, floating proudly off in the arms of her tall father between the stars above and the lights below, sure that nothing could ever be more beautiful. Tears stung her lids, thrusting her back to the present.

Mother came out of the hospital, checked and okay. "Are you taking good care of your father and Florence?" she'd ask. "Are they enjoying themselves?" But she didn't ask: "When am I going to see them?"

They'd spent an afternoon at Dot's, with Dad snapping pictures of the grandchildren like crazy. On the way home he said quietly: "We'd like to see your mother and everyone. Could that be arranged?"

But, of course, nothing simpler, he had only to say the word, they'd get right after it. "Well," prompted Evvie in June's apartment later, "let's get after it."

June picked up the phone.

Mother said she'd be delighted. "I'd have suggested it myself, only I wasn't sure how they'd feel. Tell you what, honey. We're celebrating Uncle Dale's birthday at Grandma's Sunday. Why don't you bring them along?"

A weight dropped off their hearts and should have stayed off. But as Sunday neared, they began having ulcers again. En route to Grandma's, even Evvie fell silent. They arrived before Mother, which was like a reprieve. By the time she got there, June was safe in the bedroom, ear glued to the keyhole, while Evvie peeked through a slit in the doorway.

Mother went straight to Florence, said how glad she was to see her and how well she looked, then turned to Dad. "Hello, Fred."

"Hello, Marie." Evvie saw them clasp hands and smile. "I'd like to tell you that I'm very proud of our daughters."

A thrill raced through the girls. It was so obviously a tribute to Mother, generous and warm. With the same kind of warmth she accepted it. "Thank you, Fred," and shifted to a lighter note. The ice was broken. From kitchen and bedroom two stray daughters wandered forth.

The girls held their usual post mortem. "For the first time today," said June, "I realized that they're not just Mother and Daddy, but two individuals with their own lives to lead."

"And we're a couple of dopes. Building a whole situation where there wasn't any. Making a big deal out of nothing."

At the studio, fearful lest Florence and Dad return with shattered illusions, Evvie briefed them beforehand. "There's one term we never use, and that's movie star. June's not a movie star to us or herself. Maybe you expect a lot of glamour. If you do, June'll let you down."

Luck was with them that day. Often the sets are closed, or only one picture is going and there's nobody around. But Twentieth Century-Fox did itself proud for the Stovenours from Memphis. On one stage they heard a great symphony orchestra, on another they watched a comedy scene. For a night-club sequence, they saw Susan Hayward do take after weary take, and saw with it the grind behind the glitter of movies. The name on a dressing room brought Dad to a halt. "Now there's a girl I'd like to meet. I've always kept track of her because you two started out in the same picture."

June knocked. "Come in," said Jeanne Crain, who was lying on the couch, knitting. June introduced her guests, they chatted for a few minutes and left. Behind his specs, Dad's eyes twinkled. "Evvie was right. What's glamorous about knitting?"

The last night of all, when Florence and Dad took them to dinner at the Beachcombers, and spoke simply of the lovely time they'd had, without making a fuss.

"I hope it won't be twelve more years," said June.

"We won't let it be. Next year Bobby's due for another operation. Maybe after that."

Evvie said: "I'd like to see the boys."

Dad paused for a moment, as if to shape his thoughts. "Those little boys think of you as their sisters. But there's a time for everything. They're about the age you two were when the break came. They don't quite realize what it means to share their father. But the day will present itself when we can all be friends."

It was like an echo out of their vanished childhood. *Nothing can change my love for you. Nobody else can take your place with me.* It was like a pledge renewed.

This isn't the story of an emotional binge. The Haver girls don't take to self-dramatization. June lets you have things straight. Evvie underplays. They reject any nonsense about a lost father found again. They write to him no more frequently than they used to. "It wouldn't be honest," says June. "We don't have that many memories to share."

Evvie says: "Gush embarrasses me. I don't feel gushy about Dad. I feel, here's a good friend and always will be."

June smiles softly. "I don't mind being the sentimental one. We all parted, loving each other more. I don't know whether that's gush or not. I know it's the truth."

THE END

Presenting the Winner

(*Continued from page* 37) that had brought her luck at the local auditions last August. In the dressing rooms, the other two contestants heard only faint murmuring. And then came applause. It was Rachelle's turn. Her selection was from Shaw's "St. Joan," in which she tells the inquisitors she will live on bread and water but won't give up her God.

Virginia leaned against the wall, straining to relax. In a few minutes, every dream of these last months would be over. Failure . . . success . . . jumbled into one thought in her numbed subconscious. A round of applause brought her back to the Playhouse and the waiting audience. Virginia closed her eyes, crossed herself and walked briskly on stage.

"I'm Virginia McGuire," she announced. "I will do a scene from 'The Trojan Women.'" Removing shoes, headband and earrings, she turned her back to the audience. For ten seconds she stood without moving, and then, no longer was she Virginia McGuire performing on the yellow-curtained stage of the Playhouse Theatre, she was *Andromache*, on the cliffs of ancient Troy, preparing to sacrifice her infant son to the avenging Greek conquerors. Her anguish was so stirring, her emotions so vibrant, when she finished, there was only the sound of silence. Delayed applause—the greatest possible tribute to any performer, broke the spell.

THE judges remained in the theatre to make their choice; the contestants and the few guests—Brenda Marshall, Gary Merrill, Mrs. Stanley Kramer, Jerry Asher, some Playhouse officials—moved into the college library for refreshments. Everyone chatted amiably but the air was strained until the judges filed in.

Bette Davis spoke immediately. "I was asked to replace Miss Ethel Barrymore as a judge. I feel it is a great honor. My only regret is that three scholarships are not being given. I was asked to name the winner. She is—Miss Virginia McGuire."

Spontaneously, Joyce and Rachelle rushed to Virginia and hugged her. In the days before the auditions, a bond of kinship and warmth had grown up among them. Each had come prepared to find the others typical "bathing beauties." Each secretly thought she landed in the finals accidentally. And each found the others to be the kind of girl she always had known, gone to school with and understood.

Amid the hubbub, surrounded by celebrities, sat Virginia, too dazed to do anything but smile. Gradually she warmed, she talked with Bette Davis, Bill Holden, reminded herself not to act foolishly in front of this great assemblage of great people. It wasn't until she called home and her mother in Connecticut wept into the phone, that Virginia broke down.

As the excitement subsided, Bill Holden, remembering days when he, too, had come close to success and failed, sought out—not Virginia—but the two girls who did not win. He talked a long while with them and then, the next morning, called Paramount's casting department to plug the girls where they needed it most.

Joseph Mankiewicz invited all three girls to visit him on set the next day—the climax to the celebrity treatment which started for Joyce and Virginia in Chicago on the first lap of their momentous journey. There they "guested" on WENR's "Bob and Kay " TV show, were presented with inscribed watches on ABC's "Junior Junction," were interviewed on WGN's Louis Quinn show and the next morning, breakfasted with Tony Weitzal of the Chicago *Daily News*.

In California, following the auditions, all three were interviewed by the casting directors of Warner Brothers, 20th Century-Fox and Paramount. The girls lunched at the famous Brown Derby, met Tim Holt and appeared there on Frances Scully's Radio Show. They lunched another day at Paramount's Commissary, met Jan Sterling, Alan Ladd and Mona Freeman. They attended NBC's mammoth cocktail party for Red Skelton, later "guested" on both the Jeanne Grey and Billie Burke TV Programs.

Joyce McLeod now is back at Emerson College in Boston and her routine is that of a normal co-ed. But there's a bright shining light in her future. So impressed with her talent was William Meiklejohn, casting director of Paramount, that he is arranging a New York screen test for her shortly. Rachelle Mendlovitz is staying on in Hollywood for a brief coaching period at Paramount studios with the possibility that she, too, may be tested.

This first contest is only the beginning for Virginia, Joyce, Rachelle. The patterns set by this venture, the professional interest stirred, leaves much hope for future contestants. William Meiklejohn, who saw the runners-up after the auditions, stated: "This has been handled more intelligently than anything of its kind I've ever observed. I consider this contest a real source of talent."

Though this first Photoplay Scholarship Contest is over, another year and another contest is in the offing. Next month, there will be information about the 1952 contest.

THE END

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. . . had a wonderful time at Palm Springs—hated to leave. But Jane was due to start production. Arriving home New Year's Eve, they were just going to bed when the bell rang. Jane opened the...



. . . door. In swarmed a crowd of friends! "Happy New Year," they cried. "How did you like our formal notes of acceptance?" one girl asked. "We tried to get you on the phone but . . ."



Jane dashed to her desk. In her mail were the formal notes. Also, a letter from her stationer—marked URGENT. A mistake had been made, he wrote. An . . .



. . . order for party invitations had been mixed with her order! Jane blinked —then began to laugh. "Who cares! Happy New Year!" she cried. "Let's raid the frozen food locker—this is one party that can't be kept on ice!"

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